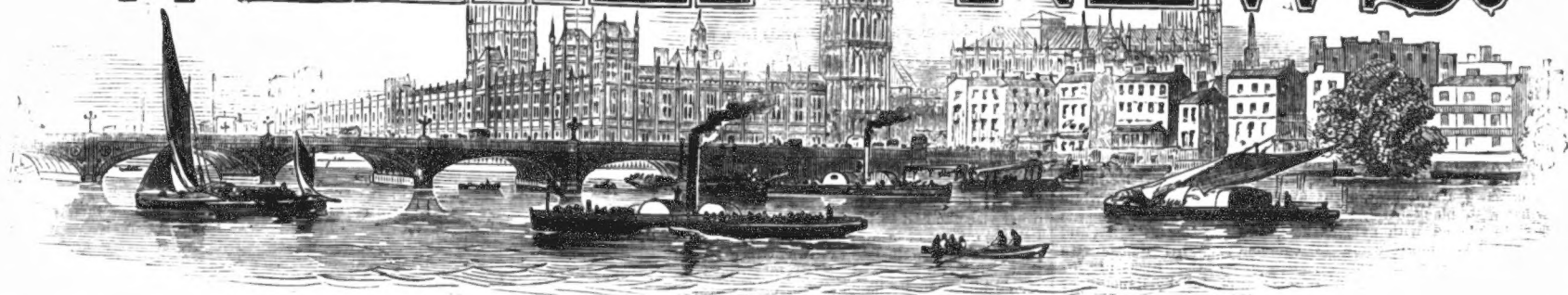


*John Dick 313 Strand*

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

## THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT BIARRITZ.

*Galvani* publishes a letter from Biarritz, in which we read:—

"The imperial residence stands on an eminence, on the tourist's right as he enters the town from Bayonne. A deep hollow separates the grounds from the buildings of Biarritz, so that they are entirely isolated from the bustle of the watering-place. The villa is a large oblong building, apparently containing considerable accommodation, and surrounded with lawns laid out in the English fashion. As a permanent residence, it is at present somewhat bare of trees, but time will remedy that deficiency and supply the requisite amount of verdure. The lawn from the villa on the

town side slopes down somewhat abruptly to the beach, having, however, at the bottom a wide piece of sward, which is shut out from public access by a ha-ha, defended by a strong wooden railing all round, to prevent accidents. Outside is an extensive green—at present somewhat injured in colour by dust and light sand—on which the fashionable world of Biarritz congregate each afternoon to listen to the band of the regiment quartered close by, to show off a collection of costumes unrivalled for expensive eccentricity and extravagance of colour, and most of all have the satisfaction of often being very nearly in the company of the Empress and the Prince Imperial. In fact, the piece of sward of which I spoke above is the very spot on which the young prince comes each

afternoon to take healthy exercise with young companions of his own age, or rather somewhat older, for the majority seem to be from about eight to thirteen. When I walked down yesterday afternoon about five to the place where the band was playing, the ground outside was thronged with fashionables walking about or seated, whilst inside were to be seen a considerable number of children of both sexes, amusing themselves according to their phantasy. In the midst of the boys was the young prince, and as I remained for some time close to the scene, I was able to form a tolerably accurate judgment of his health, strength, and general bearing. I should mention that a bridge is thrown over the water at one point, and there



MASSACRE BY CONFEDERATE GUERRILLAS, AT LAWRENCE. (See page 234.)



two guardians were placed to admit every child, without exception, provided he or she seemed by dress and appearance to belong to the more respectable classes of society. In fact, the latitude thus given is a first step towards imparting a popular character to the young prince's education, and admirably calculated to give him self-reliance and to accustom him to form a judgment for himself. The girls were infinitely more numerous than the boys and, like the latter, ranged in age from eight to thirteen. The ostensible motive of the aggregation in both cases was youthful exercise; but the girls, in almost every case, seemed more fitly attired for a *matinée d'été*. Nothing could exceed the extravagance of their dress and as to play—in the frank, genial, and honest meaning of that delightful word—it was utterly out of the question. And so the young ladies—I dare not designate them children—assembled apart, a little way up the grounds, but during the whole time I was there scarcely indulged in a single run, so afraid they appeared to spoil or tumble their fine clothes. With the boys the case was different although they, too, were over-dressed. *Tue ne plus ultra* of a boy's habiliments I have always heard to be such an attire as permits him the most complete command of all his movements, without bearing too much the mark of any casual tumble or accident, at the same time that it sets off the youthful person in the prevailing mode. But of all the gay and joyful company there collected, no one's dress came up to the definition just given so completely as that of the youthful prince. He wore a dark-coloured suit of light material (alpaca, it struck me), short jacket and basque trousers, something like what we call in England knickerbockers, with dark stockings striped with violet crossways, and neat, light ankle-boots, a black and white straw hat with black band, the ends flying behind, completed his attire. He played with evident zest, and I never saw a child of his age have more complete command of his limbs. He is a particularly swift runner, and from the ease of his movements gave me the idea of regular discipline by dancing or gymnastics. He is a far better-looking boy than any one would suppose from his portraits, which convey the idea of heaviness in the upper part of the face, whereas the real characteristic of his look is open frankness and light-heartedness. He certainly appears a particularly happy child, full of life, and eager for a game. He has a fine blue eye and white regular teeth gleaming out brightly when he smiles, which was rather frequently when any incident of the play struck his fancy. The boys were engaged in something like prison-bars, and the young prince took his part fairly and readily with the rest. I saw no favour from the others because of his elevated station; all passed as may be constantly seen among the children of any educational establishment. A chair was placed a little apart for the prince, in case he might like to rest, and he repaired to it occasionally, but so likewise did other boys, and I several times saw two of them on it together. Once the chair tumbled over as the prince laid hold of it, and he very unconcernedly seated himself on the back part as it rested on the ground, and afterwards raised his body a little in the air by strength of arm, the hands resting on the seat. There was, in fact, a visible superabundance of animal spirits, which tried various devices to throw itself off. The whole time I stood there I saw no interference whatever with the prince—all was the happy and unrestricted amusement of boyhood. I did not perceive the Empress, but some lady of the Court was seated in the grounds a little way distant near a rustic bridge, and seemed to be the point of attraction to the girls. There was no other grown person inside the enclosure, and only one gentleman passed through across the bridge during the time I remained. My time being up, I withdrew, carrying with me the idea, when thinking of the young prince of a fine, healthy, frank, intelligent boy, of whom any parent might be proud, whatever his rank in life. Outside I relapsed into all the affection of fashionable life, and had the felicity of seeing one young man strut gravely about attired in a suit of bright violet. The persons around him called him 'the cardinal,' so that, at all events, he has gained a sobriquet which will probably stick to him for life.

#### WOUNDED GROUSE.

The subject of the illustration in page 226 will be familiar to our sporting readers. Some dogs are trained to fetch the game when killed or wounded, and lay it at their master's feet. The dog in our illustration is clearly watching the moment when the wounded grouse shall be entirely at his mercy. We have seen dogs unmercifully flogged for tearing and mutilating game, and more of the punishment in store for them should the birds be damaged. Dogs are generally very loath to tackle one before it is quiet and disabled.

#### HOP-PICKING.

The subject of the illustration may thus be described:—The right-hand upper group are busy taking stock of the contents of a bin, an operation performed once or twice a day. The figure in the short smock frock is putting down the number of bushels which the family holding this particular bin have picked; their pay will be merely a shilling for every eighteen or twenty bushels. The ground to the left is preparing for dinner. Labour makes the homeliest food taste sweet, and many an alderman would give a guinea for the appetite of that urchin who stands sniffing over the pot suspended from three poles, and at which he is having a stolen peep, and no doubt calculating how much of its contents he could manage to get through if he was only left in undisturbed possession of it for one brief half-hour. The principal incident in the lower subject is one that befalls the draughtsman of this sketch. It seems to be a rule of the hop-garden to compel any stranger that enters it to pay his "footing." His feet are first dusted with a bunch of hops, and then the palm is held out for the customary honorarium, when, should the intruder refuse so proper a demand, he stands a chance of being thrown into a bin and stifled beneath a flood of hops, by the fair but able-bodied pickers—a casualty which we are happy to say did not befall the bearded individual with the indifferent hat.

A PREACHER has three books to study—the Bible, himself, and his people.

HARKING BACK.—The London Times, it must be acknowledged, does not often make mistakes so gross as its advocacy of the now falling Confederacy, and its constant predictions that the North could never conquer the South. When it does make a mistake, too, it is always prompt to correct it. The first symptom of a change of policy is a change in its American correspondent. Dr. Mackay has been recalled, and Mr. Gallenga has been sent out to take his place. The latter gentleman is said to be an Italian Republican, who distinguished himself as a correspondent of the Times during the war of Italian independence, and is supposed to hold views more or less favourable to the cause of the North. The reader of the Times will have from him at all events something more like the fairness of Mr. Russell and less of the partisanship which has made Dr. Mackay's letters a burlesque on journalism.—*Toronto Globe*.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

## Notes of the Week.

On Sunday morning, between twelve and one o'clock, the Oxford University police discovered the house of Mr. Verrey, tailor, Cornmarket-street, to be on fire. About nine o'clock a large stack of chimneys fell down, burying with them four men. One, we regret to say, was killed on the spot, another died shortly afterwards, and the two others are most seriously injured.

The sudden death of Mr. Ether, M.P. for Coventry, has occasioned a wide-spread grief throughout the borough of Coventry, which the deceased gentleman has represented so long and so well. On Saturday evening it is usual in Coventry for the bell-ringers to practise at all the churches where there are peals of bells. Last Saturday night, however, for the first time during a long period, the custom was not observed. Instead of it, time-bells or knells sounded dolefully at stated intervals from every church tower in the city.

On Saturday an inquest was held by Mr. Humphreys on the body of George Marshall, aged fifty-one years, a cooper, who had died from prolonged starvation under the following painful circumstances:—Anne Marshall, 7, St. John-street, Bethnal-green, widow of the deceased, said he had been ailing for two years, and was unable to work for that time. Witness had had to support him and herself as best she could. She used to sell matches from door to door. She used to sell 3d. and 4d. worth a day, and half that sum was profit. When she got more she bought a second meal, but otherwise she had to live on a bit of dry bread. He used to crave for two ounces of meat, but she could not let him have it. She had two years ago applied to the workhouse authorities for relief, but they could only take deceased into the house; and as deceased would not go in, for he had a horror of it, they would give nothing. Deceased's illness was caused by his having been run over. Witness had to pay 1s. 6d. a week rent. There was nothing in the room but the bedstead on which the deceased was lying. The room was so small that the bedstead almost filled it. The coroner remarked upon the dreadful condition in which the deceased and his wife had been living, there being not even a bed or box in the room, chairs and all else having been sold. The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died from an aneurism accelerated by want of food; and the jurors express their opinion that out-door relief ought to have been given to deceased and his wife, and that when the latter applied to the workhouse authorities on Thursday for relief it ought to have been instantly afforded." A subscription was raised in court for the poor woman.

On Saturday morning, about half-past ten o'clock, whilst the Isle of Man steamer *Snaefell* was proceeding from her anchorage in the Sloyre to the north landing stage she came into collision and sunk the flat *Mary Agnes*. Owing to the watchfulness and gallantry of a boat's crew of the iron-clad *Warrior*, Captain Barlow and his crew were saved; but, unfortunately, Mrs. Barlow, the wife of the captain, her child, and a Miss Macguinness, were drowned. Much indignation—and very just indignation too—has been caused by the evident recklessness and stupidity of those in charge of the *Snaefell*, who after the collision exhibited only a lazy attempt to save those in the water; indeed so little heed did Captain Kermode and the crew of the *Snaefell* take of this catastrophe that the steamer went to sea—her captain exhibiting a rare callousness as to the fate of those on board the flat.

#### THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST.

THE Bishop of Rochester has addressed the following letter to the Archdeacons of Essex, Colchester, and Rochester with St. Alban's, in his lordship's diocese:—

"Danbury Palace, Sept. 19, 1863.  
"My dear Archdeacon.—It has been generally expected that the great and good harvest which we have been permitted to gather in would have been followed by a royal command for the use of an appropriate form of thanksgiving throughout the churches. The adverse weather which has embarrassed our agriculturists in many places has, I presume, rendered such a general procedure unsuitable. It is so, a deeper gratitude becomes us, because we have been more favoured than our fellow-countrymen in other parts. I am unwilling to pass by the special mercy we have received, though an appeal from me on the subject is scarcely needed, seeing that the voice of thanksgiving has been already heard in so many churches of the diocese. A local paper now before me has a whole page full of these proceedings. In such reports I witness with unfeigned pleasure the result of the conferences between the laity and clergy in 1861, when harvest homes were considered (amongst other matters), and it was agreed to promote them to the extent of our power. The kindly spirit which is generated by these gatherings, and the cordial sympathy which is stirred up afresh between all classes by the parish harvest home, is very cheering. I desire to express through you my thanks to the laity and clergy for what has been done in this way, and I would ask you to invite any who have not yet adopted a similar course to make some public acknowledgment forthwith in their churches of the mercy of God—to preach on the occasion (whether on a Lord's-day or a week day, they will decide best), and to commend a thank-offering in testimony of what is felt. I do not desire to specify any particular appropriation of the collection or offertory. Already, with the concurrence of the clergy, and partly at their own suggestion, I have asked them as you know to promote annually in their churches a spring and an autumn collection for a home and a foreign object. The result of that measure has been very gratifying. I am very sensible of the kind exertions which have given much success to the scheme. Moreover, the diocesan and parent societies in London have acknowledged these services on the part of the clergy in marked and cordial terms. I leave it, then, to my brethren individually to determine with their parishioners how the gatherings should be appropriated, and will only add (as a suggestion), that—1. The public hospital in each of the three counties of the diocese; 2. The Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles at Colchester; and 3. The Female Refuge at Rochester, Chatham, Chelmsford (in connexion with the gaol) and similar institutions in our large towns commend themselves a rogly to my regard as appropriate receptacles for the charity of the diocese at the present time. Beseeching Almighty God, for his Son's sake, to shed abroad amongst us a lively spirit of thankfulness for His forbearance and love, and to awaken all to live and work for his glory while their day yet lasts.—I remain, my dear archdeacon, your affectionate brother and friend,  
"J. C. ROCHESTER."

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND MURDER.—A dreadful case of this nature occurred at Malta, on the 4th September. The murderer, a man about twenty-three years of age, who bore an excellent character, was a soldier in the 1st battalion, 22nd Regiment, and was employed as groom by the surgeon of the regiment. Disappointed in the object of his affections, a woman-servant in the same family, by her marrying the day previous a corporal of the regiment, he openly avowed to take her life; but being at the time under the influence of drink no importance was attached to the threat. In the evening he seized his victim and deliberately cut her throat with a razor in the presence of her married daughter, and then attempted to cut his own; but failing in this, from the handle of the weapon breaking in his hand, he ran out of the house and threw himself over the nearest bastion. He was picked up in a state of insensibility, which terminated in death early the following morning. The woman was forty-six years old, and a grandmother.

## Foreign News

### FRANCE

A Paris letter says:—

"The character of the Russian answer to the French representations concerning Poland is precisely what was expected at the French Foreign-office. Prince Gortschakoff said in other words:—'The Czar will crush the Poles, do what he likes afterwards, and begs to discontinue further diplomatic discussion on the subject.' I must say that it is just what M. Drouyn de l'Huys expected; and, as far as one can judge, the public generally looked for similar language from St. Petersburg. The few Poles who remain in Paris, mostly men of a certain age, continue to declare that the contest will be carried on through the winter. One shudders to think of the further loss of life of the best blood of this heroic nation. And for what end? The Poles must believe in foreign aid coming to them next spring, or they court extermination. They have many and powerful friends in France, but I do not hear of any change in the Emperor's decision not to go to war for the Poles alone; nor do I suppose that the despatches of Prince Gortschakoff will in any way change the attitude of the French Government."

The *Ost-Deutsch Post* contains the following remarks on the offer of the Mexican crown to the Archduke Maximilian:—"The Mexican deputation will arrive in the course of next week at Miramare. One of the most singular questions which has ever been propounded to Austria will therefore be decided in a few days. The history of the imperial house presents no analogous case. An Archduke of Austria, the nearest agnate of the reigning Sovereign, is called upon to abandon his native land, in which, according to the domestic regulations of the imperial family, he possesses important rights and has great duties to fulfil, for the purpose of ascending, in a distant country, a throne which has yet to be founded, which has been won by foreign arms, and to the support of which Austria, with all her military power, cannot in any way contribute. It is an absolute fact that the Emperor of the French is the only serious protector of that throne. Nor is it less certain that, whatever prince may occupy it, he will be obliged to govern, to a certain extent, in conformity with French interests. Protected by a French garrison and deriving his resources from a French loan, what a position for a new Emperor! From all these considerations it is probable—we wish we could say it is certain—that the Mexican deputation will not succeed in persuading an Austrian prince to go to Mexico." The *France*, wishing to deny the above news, uses language which may be fairly interrupted as a confirmation of it. Nothing, it says, has occurred to "modify the original dispositions of the prince," and therefore "nothing is more probable" than that he will accept.

### RUSSIA AND POLAND.

The following despatch has been communicated to Earl Russell by the Russian ambassador at this Court:—

"PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF TO BARON BRUNNOW.

"Tsarkoe-Selo, Aug. 26—Sept. 7, 1863.

"Lord Napier has, by order of his Government, communicated to me a despatch from Lord Russell, of which your excellency will find a copy herewith annexed. It is an answer to my despatch of the 1st—13th of July last, which you were invited to communicate to the Principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty. The overtures which we had set forth in that document were dictated to us by the desire to arrive at an understanding. In receiving the observations which they have suggested to Lord Russell with the attention which we always pay to the opinions of her Britannic Majesty's Government, we cannot but regret that we must come to the conclusion that we have not attained the end which we had proposed to ourselves. From the moment that this discussion could only end in establishing and in confirming the divergence of our views, it would be too contrary to our conciliatory disposition for us to seek to prolong it; and we believe that in this we are not acting at variance with the sentiments of the principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty. We prefer to fix our attention only upon the essential points of his despatches, upon which we find ourselves agreed, at least in intention. Her Britannic Majesty's Government desire to see promptly re-established in the Kingdom of Poland a state of things which shall restore tranquillity to that country, repose to Europe, and security to the relations of the Cabinets. We entirely share in this desire, and all that can depend upon us shall be done to realize it. Our august master continues to be animated by the most benevolent intentions towards Poland, and by the most conciliatory towards all foreign Powers. To provide for the welfare of his subjects of all races and of every religious conviction is an obligation which his imperial Majesty has accepted before God, his conscience, and his people. The Emperor devotes all his solicitude to the fulfilment of that obligation. As regards the responsibility which may be assumed by his Majesty in his international relations, those relations are regulated by public right. The violation of those fundamental principles can alone involve responsibility. Our august master has constantly respected and observed those principles with regard to other States. His Majesty has the right to expect and to claim the same respect on the part of the other Powers. You will be pleased to read and give a copy of this despatch to the principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty. Receive, &c."

### AMERICA.

Despatches from Charleston of the 7th to the Richmond papers announce the evacuation of Morris Island by the Confederates on the night of the 6th. The bombardment of Fort Wagner and Gregg began upon the 5th, and was continued with great fury throughout the 6th. On that day General Gilmore's sappers had reached the most surrounding Wagner, and General Beauregard, seeing it impossible to longer hold it, ordered the evacuation of the whole of Morris Island, which was effected between the hours of eight p.m. and one a.m. of the following day with the loss of but twelve men captured. All the guns of the fort were spiked; 150 men of the garrison were killed or wounded during the bombardment.

Admiral Dahlgren had demanded the immediate surrender of Sumter. General Beauregard replied that if Admiral Dahlgren took an hour he could have it, but until then his demand was useless.

The *Boston Journal* has the following:—

"A gentleman of much intelligence, recently from Morris Island, where he had unusual facilities for observation and gathering information, has communicated to us a variety of interesting facts connected with the siege of Charleston, which throw much light on the state of affairs there. He informs us that the reason why General Gilmore did not continue his bombardment of Charleston with the 'Greek fire' shells was because the shells sent were on the percussion principle, and being discharged from a gun elevated at an angle of thirty-eight degrees, took their flight at the same angle, with a longitudinal rotary motion, base downward, and therefore struck base downward, instead of upon the percussion end, and did not explode. Only two are known to have exploded—one which fell into a warehouse, and another which fell in a street. The peculiar motion and descent of the shell was a new discovery in artillery practice, then for the first time made, and the Ordnance Department was not furnished with a remedy for the unlooked-for contingency. To this fact alone Charleston owes the delay of the hour of its doom. Time fuses, which will set matters all right, were at once sent for, and have doubtless arrived at Morris Island before this, and very likely Charleston is at this moment experiencing the effects of a shower of Greek fire."



shells, 1,500 of which have been ordered for the bombardment of that nest of treason. The gun from which the shells were fired was a 200-pounder Parrott, which can throw a shell seven miles when aimed at an angle of forty-five degrees. The first shells went over Charleston the gun being aimed at too sharp an angle. Our readers will be pleased to learn that General Gilmore has no less than thirty Parrott guns mounted that will throw shells plump into Charleston. The use of Greek fire shells to bombard that rebel stronghold was personally ordered by President Lincoln. The Greek fire burns for twenty minutes. It will burn on the water as well as on land, and each shell covers a surface of 100 square feet with flame. The shell bursts into about 120 pieces, or ten times as many as the ordinary shell. Of course the effect of these shells will be to set Charleston in flames, which nothing can subdue. In addition to the Greek fire shells, a large quantity of improved shrapnel shells, made by the inventor of the Greek fire shell and containing from 500 to 1,000 bullets each, have been sent to Morris Island, to be transferred thence into the rebellious city in a manner not very pleasing to the enemy. These shells are fired with time fuses, and are very destructive of life. The celebrated 300-pounder Parrott gun which General Gilmore has weighs 27,000 lbs. It took 2,000 men nine nights to get the monster into position, the drag teams breaking down seven nights in succession, the enemy shelling the party all the while, and men being killed nightly. Nothing was done with it by day, the gun being covered with bushes to conceal it from the enemy's fire. The diameter of the bore is ten inches, the charge of powder twenty-five pounds, and the shell that goes out of it is as high as a flour barrel, weighs 300 lbs., and contains 17 lbs. of mortar powder. The execution of one of these shells on Sumter is considered equal to three 300 lb. shells. But two of these immense rifled guns have been made, although twenty more have been ordered for the army.

It is reported from Washington, on the authority of well-informed military men, that General Lee has received heavy reinforcements, and that he meditates another aggressive campaign. The weakness exhibited by the Confederates at Chattanooga and other points lends strength to this belief.

Mr. Charles Sumner, chairman of the committee of the Senate on foreign relations, delivered a long address at the Cooper Institute on the foreign affairs of the republic. He denounced the conduct of the British Government in permitting the building of war steamers in British ports for the Confederates, and recognising on the part of the South any belligerent rights upon the ocean. He disbelieved that either France or England would intervene in favour of a state that was based upon negro slavery, and asserted that all intervention in the internal affairs of another nation was contrary to law and reason, unless such intervention were obviously on the side of human rights. The audience was one of the most numerous that ever assembled in New York, but was chiefly composed of ladies and clergymen.

#### PRUSSIA.

An occasional correspondent of the *Times* asserts that the King of Prussia keeps oscillating between a growing consciousness of his inability to cope with Austria minus his people, and an unwillingness to yield to what appears to him democracy. Referring to the attempts of the Federalist party to keep the monarch in their own hands, the correspondent states:—

"He will make an effort at independence now and then, only to relapse again into a state of semi-voluntary submission to adjutants and courtiers. At Carlsbad and Gastein M. de Bismarck did not leave him for a single hour. Clinging to him like a shadow, he allowed him not a moment's respite from the explanation of 'conservative views, and, while confirming him in orthodox principles, controlled his intercourse with men of a different bias. One day the King met Baron Auerwald in the public promenade at Gastein. 'What, you here, and don't come to see me?' 'I called twice, your Majesty, but was twice refused admission,' answered the late Liberal minister and familiar friend of his sovereign from their very childhood. The King made no reply. He was hardly back when he disappointed his ministers by dissolving the house in the teeth of the Conservatives, and without changing the franchise."

#### RUSSIA, POLAND, AND FRANCE.

The following is the text of the despatch addressed by Prince Gortschakoff to M. de Budberg, in reply to the French note on the Polish question:—

"Tsarkoe Selo, August 26 (Sept. 7).

"I have the honour to transmit herewith to your excellency the copy of a despatch from M. Drouyn de l'Huys which the Duke de Montebello was desired to communicate to us. The Imperial Cabinet has considered this document with all the attention it deserves, and with the sincere desire to bring this exchange of ideas to an understanding. After mature examination we have not discovered therein any motive for us to depart from the points of view which I communicated to you in my despatch of the 1st (13th) July. We believe we anticipate the wishes of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs in abstaining from prolonging a discussion which would not attain the object of conciliation we have in view, if it had no other result than to confirm each of the two Governments in its opinions upon a question on which we deeply regret not to agree with the Cabinet of the Tuilleries. We shall only take up a single point of the despatch of M. Drouyn de l'Huys, because we are solicitous to remove beforehand any fresh subject of misunderstanding. I refer to the allusion several times and in various forms made by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs to the western provinces of Russia as participating in a certain degree in the international stipulations which in 1815 settled the destiny of the duchy of Warsaw. The Imperial Cabinet could not admit this point of view, even in the most restricted form; and your excellency is invited to reiterate to M. Drouyn de l'Huys the declaration already made in my preceding despatch, that his Majesty the Emperor, ever ready to scrupulously fulfil his obligation towards all the Powers, must peremptorily exclude even from an amicable exchange of ideas any allusion to parts of his empire to which no international stipulation whatever applies. As regards the other points referred to in the despatch of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, we prefer to dwell upon those on which we agree, at least in intention. The French Government wishes to see promptly re-established in the kingdom of Poland a state of things which would restore tranquility to that country, repose to Europe, and give security to the relations between the Cabinets. We fully participate in this desire, and all that may depend upon us shall be done to realize it. Our august master continues to be animated by in entious the most benevolent towards Poland, and the most conciliatory towards foreign Powers. The well-being of all his subjects, of all races and all religious convictions, is an obligation which his Imperial Majesty has accepted before God, his conscience, and his people. The Emperor devotes all his solicitude to fulfil it. As regards the responsibility which his Majesty may assume in his international relations, these relations are regulated by public right. The violation of these fundamental principles can alone entail responsibility. Our august master has constantly respected and observed these principles towards other states. His Majesty has a right to expect and claim the same respect on the part of the Powers. You will be good enough to read and remit a copy of this despatch to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs."

"Receive, &c. (Signed) GORTSCHAKOFF."

DEATH FROM A STRAW.—The wife of a labourer in New Elgin, named Helen Stewart, pierced one of her fingers on a short stubble while shaving. Inflammation ensued, and the poor woman died a day or two after the accident.

## General News.

The will of Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Colin Campbell Lord Clyde, G.C.B., K.S.I., D.C.L., was proved in her Majesty's Court of Probate on the 7th inst. The executors and trustees are thus described:—Major-General Henry Eyre, 98, now commanding governor, Chatham; Lieut.-Colonel Archibald Alison, C.B., formerly my military secretary while commander-in-chief in India, and now assistant adjutant-general, head quarters, London; Colonel Montagu Scott M'Murdo, C.B., aide-de-camp to the Queen; and Lieut.-Colonel General Duncan Alexander Cameron, C.B., 4th, now commanding her Majesty's troops in New Zealand. The will and two codicils are dated May 23, 1863, and a third codicil July 11 last, signed, "Clyde, F.M." There are many legacies to officers and personal friends. To Sir William Mansfield he leaves the sword presented to him by the City of London together with the document conferring upon him the freedom of the City, and that Sir William (whom he wished to have appointed as an executor had not his official duties prevented him from acting) should be consulted as to what papers, if any, should be made public; and, should any memoir of himself (Lord Clyde) appear, which he would rather it did not, it should be limited to Hart's "Army List," and be simply the recital of a plain soldier. His lordship's personal property was sworn under £70,000. To his sister, Miss Alicia Campbell, his lordship leaves an annuity of £1,000, and divides his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, between her and General Eyre, leaving also to the general and his family many specific bequests. Lord Clyde died August 14, 1863, at the Government House, Chatham, aged seventy-one.

The late Prince Consort having in the most liberal spirit given the Free Church congregation at Craithie a site for their recently-opened place of worship, a neat Gothic tablet has been placed in the church in acknowledgment of the gift. The marble slab bears the following inscription:—"To the noble and illustrious Prince Albert, K.G., Consort to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and Lord of the Castle and Lands of Balmoral, this tablet is dedicated in deep sorrow at his early death, and in pious remembrance of his beneficent gift of the site whereon their church is erected, by those who worship under its roof."

DURING one week last month 1,624 Mormons landed at New York, on their way to the Salt Lake, from Liverpool and London. Most of them were intelligent and well-dressed persons.

AMERICAN green-back bank-notes are coloured with green ink, which cannot be photographed nor discoloured by alkalis.

THE *Union des Deux Seines* states that a young man at St. Servan, who was engaged to ride as a jockey at the races of Dinan, subjected himself to so severe a course of training in order to reduce his weight, that he was found dead in the stable two days since, apparently from starvation.

A LETTER from Biarritz, in the *Sport*, mentions that on the arrival of the Emperor at night, his Majesty passed through a double line of visitors and the population, headed by the mayor and cure, each person holding a torch in his hand. The honours of the reception once paid, the residents and bathers have, with commendable good taste, since allowed his Majesty to enjoy the repose and privacy which his object in visiting Biarritz is to obtain. At the first ball, which took place on Monday at the Villa Eugénie, the Empress was, as usual, attired with elegant simplicity, her Majesty's dress consisting of white muslin with a light blue sash, and her hair bound with a diadem of ribbon of the same colour. The cotillon, led as usual by the Marquis de Caux, terminates the fete at midnight. Refreshments are handed round by a young Egyptian in his native dress.

A DIJON journal states that an old man, named Golot, who was born in January, 1757, passed through that town last week on his way to Bourbonne-les-Bains. Notwithstanding his 106 years, the gallant old man is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and walks well without the help of a stick. The old man has a wife of the same age as himself.

As the regiment of Hussars of the Prussian Guard, in garrison at Berlin, were going to take the usual exercise a few days since in passing a bridge over the Spree one of the horses suddenly reared and leaped over the parapet into the river. In spite of all that could be done, both the rider and the horse were drowned.

LORD BROUGHAM, on Saturday, completed his eighty-fifth year. "It is contemplated," says the *Press*, "to forbid trout fishing in France from the 1st of October to the 15th January. During that period the fish leave the large rivers for the small streams, where they breed."

THE Marquis of Huntly is dead. The marquis leaves a family of eleven children. He succeeded in his title and estates by his son Charles, Earl of Abynoe, who was born on the 5th March, 1847, and is now consequently in his seventeenth year.

ACCORDING to the last census, the number of noblemen in the Austrian States amounts to 250,000. Hungary possesses the greatest number, having 163,000, among whom are mentioned four princely families, eighty-four with the title of count, seventy-six of baron, and 800 simple nobles. Galicia has 24,900 noblemen; Bohemia only 2,260, which are divided into fourteen princely families, 172 counts, and eighty barons.

THE ladies of Victoria are progressing very satisfactorily in the matter of the proposed wedding gift to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. From an advertisement in one of the papers we observe that at a meeting held at Toorak on the 21st of July, the committee reported subscriptions to the amount of 443*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* The form the gift will take will depend upon the amount of subscriptions ultimately obtained.—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette.*

THE Italian clerical journals have been indulging their readers with the following extraordinary instance of retributive justice:—"A rich man, residing in Northern Italy, after uttering horrible menaces against the Pope and Rome, actually manifested the desire to cut off the head of his Holiness himself. Five days after, by the special dispensation of Providence, his wife gave birth to twins without heads!"

An inquest was held by Mr. Humphreys, coroner, at the London Hospital, on Friday, on the body of Mary Connor, aged forty-nine years, whose death had been occasioned by a slight wound in the foot, caused by a nail sticking up in her boot. She was admitted into the hospital some time ago, but in spite of the most skilful treatment she died of gangrene on Saturday. A verdict of "Death by misfortune" was returned.

A PROJECT has been broached in New York for paving the streets with iron and conducting the traffic by steam carriages moving on these iron floors. It is urged that the saving to clothing, furniture, and goods from damage by dust and mud would be enormous; that the resistance on clean iron floors would be small, the wear on carriages slight, and the noise but trifling in comparison with what it is at present. Shoes, it is represented, would wear much longer on iron side-walks than on stone.

A CONFIDENTIAL clerk, employed by the Coventry and Warwickshire Banking Company, has just absconded. His defalcations amount, it is said, to £1,000. He is very respectably connected, and in addition to the clerkship he held the office of district registrar.

THE steamship *Great Eastern*, Captain Paton, left New York on the 8th instant, and arrived in the Mersey on Monday morning. It is reported that on the 18th instant, when off Cape Clear, the *Great Eastern* ran down the ship *Jane*. Captain Duff, bound from Liverpool to Quebec, and two men belonging to the *Jane* lost their lives. The captain and remainder of the crew were brought to Liverpool by the *Great Eastern*.

## DEPARTURE OF THE KING OF GREECE FROM DENMARK.

A COPENHAGEN letter of Sept. 17 has the following:—

King George left Copenhagen on Saturday evening for Schleswig, where he took leave of the King of Denmark, and returned to Copenhagen this morning by the ordinary morning train from Korsør at 10.45 a.m. At about one p.m., the cortege left Prince Christian's palace in Amelia street, passed through St. Anna's place and Broad street to the Custom House. Not only the streets through which his Majesty passed, but all the rest of the city was most sumptuously decorated with Greek and Danish flags, shields with inscriptions, wreaths, and the like. The most splendid of all the buildings was the Naval Academy. Crowds of Sunday-dressed people filled the streets and cheered the young King, who, dressed in an admiral's uniform, and accompanied by Count Spornbeck in one royal carriage, was preceded by another in which were Lieutenants Puch and Baron Guldberg, of the Danish navy, his Majesty's adjutants. At about 1.15 p.m. the royal carriage entered the grounds of the new Custom House, where between 8,000 and 10,000 people were assembled to give King George a last farewell. A division of infantry paraded, the band of which received his Majesty with the 'Royal March.' In the grounds were seen the corps diplomatique, the gentlemen of the royal household, the ministers, the magistrates and town council, numerous officers of the army and National Guard, the bishop primate, Dr. Martensen, the deans, Dr. Munter and Dr. Paulli, and other clergymen. As soon as his Majesty had entered the circle formed by these gentlemen, Chamberlain Lutichau, the Chief President (lord mayor) of Copenhagen, stepped forward and addressed to the young King a farewell and wishes for God's blessing and happiness on the part of his native city, with a prayer that he would ever remember his native land, concluding with a 'Long live the King of the Greeks.' King George replied in a manly voice. He begged the Chief President to convey to the Council and all the citizens of Copenhagen his grateful thanks for the goodwill they had shown him and his family. He declared that the memory of his fatherland would ever remain a dear and sacred treasure to him, and he concluded with a wish for the happiness and success of old Denmark. Kindly bowing to all, his Majesty then stepped down upon the floating pier, where all the officers of the royal navy and the whole of the corps of midshipmen, of whom a short time ago the young King was one of the cleverest members, were assembled. His Ex.-lency Admiral Bille, the Minister of Marine here, bade the young King good-bye in the name of the corps of naval officers, which was again followed by a nine times repeated resounding hurrah. With a warm pressure of the hand for each of his former comrades (the midshipmen), and with the words 'Thanks, thanks! Do not forget me,' King George stepped into King Frederick's own gig, which, under the command of Lieutenant Puxo, conveyed him on board the iron-clad schooner *Esbern Snare*. Thundering hurrahs accompanied him all the way. As soon as he got on board the royal standard was hoisted, and shortly after the *Esbern Snare* glided quietly away from the shore. The young King remained afloat and waved his hat as long as he could be seen. The last guns of the royal salute were fired. King George has now proceeded on his way to his new kingdom."

## THE ST. LEGER.

THE illustration in page 229 represents scenes of the late St. Leger race, won so cleverly by Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden, beating a large field of eighteen other starters, and completely upsetting the calculations of the "knowing ones," who declared his lordship's horse to be a rank impostor. The two other favourites, Queen Bertha, winner of the Oaks, and Borealis, a clever little mare, made a good race of it, but never had a chance against what Lord St. Vincent declares to be the best horse in the world.

## BADEN BADEN.

This delightful German watering place is situated in the Grand Duchy of Baden Baden, and is the resort of the fashionable circles from all quarters of the globe. It has a large number of splendid hotels, and is surrounded by lively scenery; but the chief attraction in the place is the public establishment containing ball-room, gaming-table, reading-room, &c., &c. M. Benazet is the presiding genius of the place. He provides the amusements for the visitors, and farms the gaming-table of the Grand Duke, to whom he pays a large annual sum for the privilege of fleeing the unwary. Our illustration represents the grand sale of the establishment.

## HANGED BY ACCIDENT.

On Monday, Dr. Lankester, the coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquest touching the death of Frank Williams, a lad of fourteen years of age, which had taken place under rather curious circumstances. From evidence given in the case it appeared that Williams was a well-conducted and industrious boy, and was employed in Lister's works, in the Holloway-road. On the previous Friday afternoon one of the workmen was about to enter a room in which photography was carried on, when he found some obstruction to opening the door. He pushed the door in, and on looking behind it he saw Williams suspended by a jack-towel, which was attached to the back of one of the panels. The lad was cut down immediately, but he was quite dead, and as the body was perfectly cold it was concluded that he had been dead some hours. Arthur Stothard, who was in the same employment as the deceased, stated that he had frequently seen the workboys twist the towel about their necks in play for the purpose of swinging themselves round. It was supposed that this was the way in which Williams had accidentally hanged himself. His feet touched the ground when he was found. Mr. Taylor, the surgeon who had examined the body, stated that he had found two contusions on the head and mark of a ligature round the neck; the tongue was protruding and congested, and saliva was coming from the mouth. The coroner said the evidence seemed to show that the deceased lad had been swinging from the towel in the same way as other boys in the works had been accustomed to do, and that it had become twisted about his neck in a way that rendered him unable to extricate himself. The jury found a verdict of "Accidental death."

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.—A very extraordinary occurrence has taken place at Saverne, in Wiltshire, this week. It appears that on Sunday night last a man named James White, who has been in a desponding state for some time, rose from his bed and left the house. On a search being made on the following morning his clothes were found near a well, the rope of which was down. The rope was drawn up, and White with it. It would therefore appear that the unfortunate man fastened the rope round his body, and let himself down the well, a depth of eighty feet. Of course life was extinct. The deceased must have descended the well with great rapidity, but there was only a slight scratch on the body. White was thirty-seven years of age, and has left a wife and family.—*Western Daily Press.*

A REAL BLESSING.—Maltena forms not only a cheap and substantial diet for the sick, but it is a most strengthening regimen for the weak. One trial will suffice to prove the correctness of the jury of the International Exhibition in proclaiming it "Exceedingly excellent for food," and awarding to it two Prize Medals, being the sole awards granted to any article of its kind. All grocers and chemists sell it.—[Advertisement.]



## SKETCHES IN JAVA.

The other cut depicts the Singo Lekars, or body-guard of great dignitaries. The principal weapon carried is the spear. They are well trained, and have a somewhat warlike appearance.



BODY-GUARD.

## SKETCHES IN JAVA.

In a previous number we have given illustrations of various grades of the Java population; this week we present two more, one representing the costume of a prince attended by his umbrella bearer, whilst a slave is meekly receiving some commands addressed to him.

## THE CHANNEL FLEET IN THE MERSEY.

We this week present the readers of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* with an engraving of some of the vessels of the Channel fleet which has visited Liverpool. During last week the vessels open for inspection were crowded with visitors. During the afternoon of Thursday week, while one of the steamers plying between the town and the fleet was alongside the flagship Edgar, considerable difficulty was experienced in steadying the gangway, in consequence of the rapid ebb of the tide. The passage from the steamer to the Edgar became dangerous in consequence, and as a woman was crossing, a sudden motion of the steamer overstrained the plank, and broke it. The woman was thrown into the river, and before help could reach her she was carried about two hundred yards down the stream. A seaman of the Edgar, named Henry Crow, who witnessed the accident, promptly sprang into the river, swam to the drowning woman, and supported her until assistance arrived. The gallant conduct of the man was the subject of general commendation, and he will doubtless receive a more substantial reward than mere empty praise. Captain Rowley Lambert and the officers of the Liverpool have given a ball, at which the Earl of Sefton, Admiral Dacres, Lord Pomfret, Mr. John Lund, M.P., and other gentlemen were present. The Birkenhead commissioners have visited the Black Prince, and there has been a round of festivities on board nearly every vessel of the fleet. A concert and fancy dress ball were given by the mayor (Mr. R. C. Gardner), at the Town Hall. About two thousand guests were invited, and the building was crowded to excess. The ships that attracted most attention were the Iron-clad Warrior, 40, Captain Cochrane, Resistance, Defence, Royal Oak, and Black Prince—all magnificent vessels. The Edgar, flagship of Admiral Dacres, is a fine wooden two-decker.



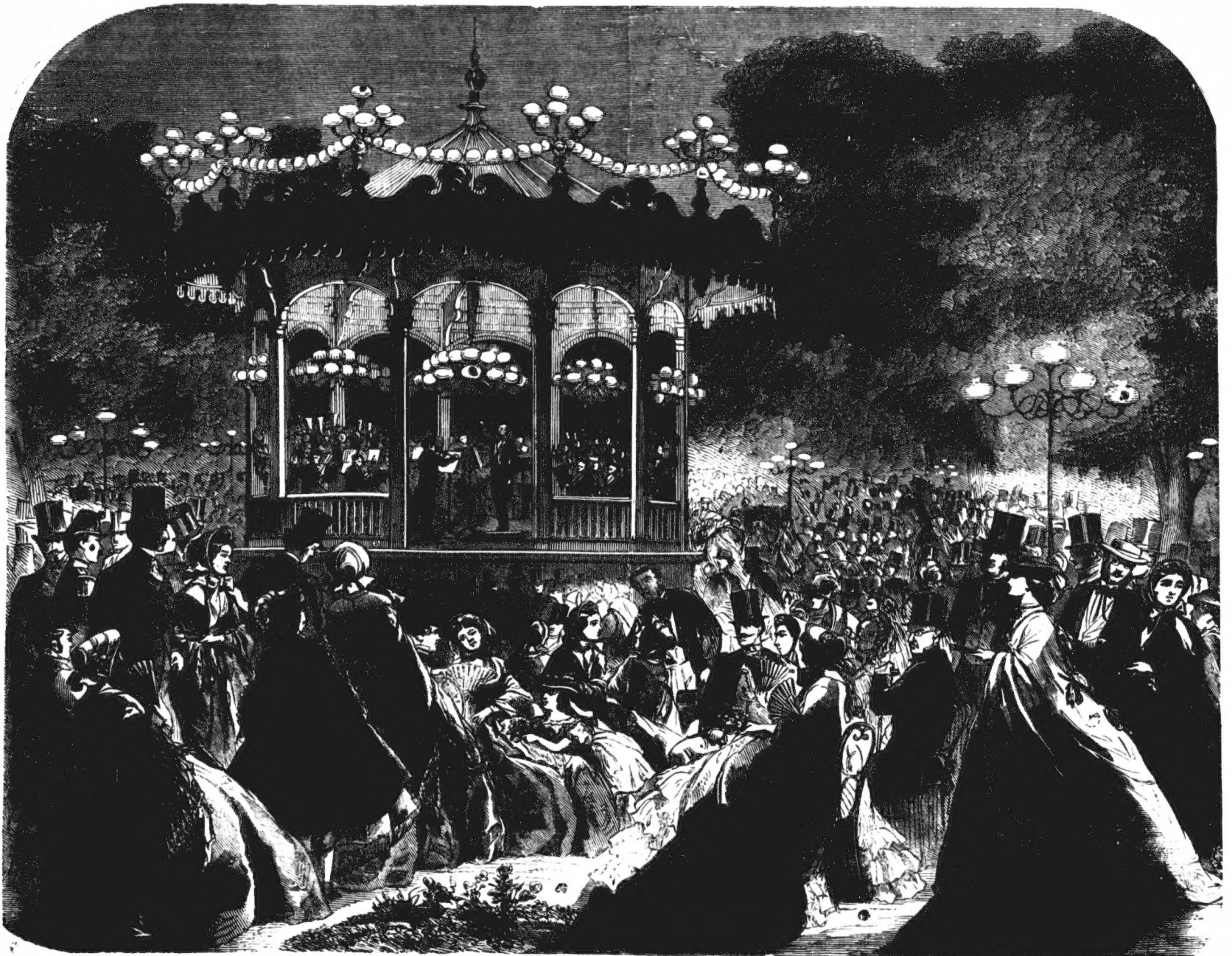
JAVANESE PRINCE.

## MUSARD'S OPEN AIR CONCERTS.

The illustration here given represents the outdoor concerts in the Champs Elysees at Paris. These concerts are a favourite resort of the Parisians, and they are admirably managed. The orchestra of the principal one is conducted by Musard, and in fine weather it is thronged by the beauty and fashion of Paris.

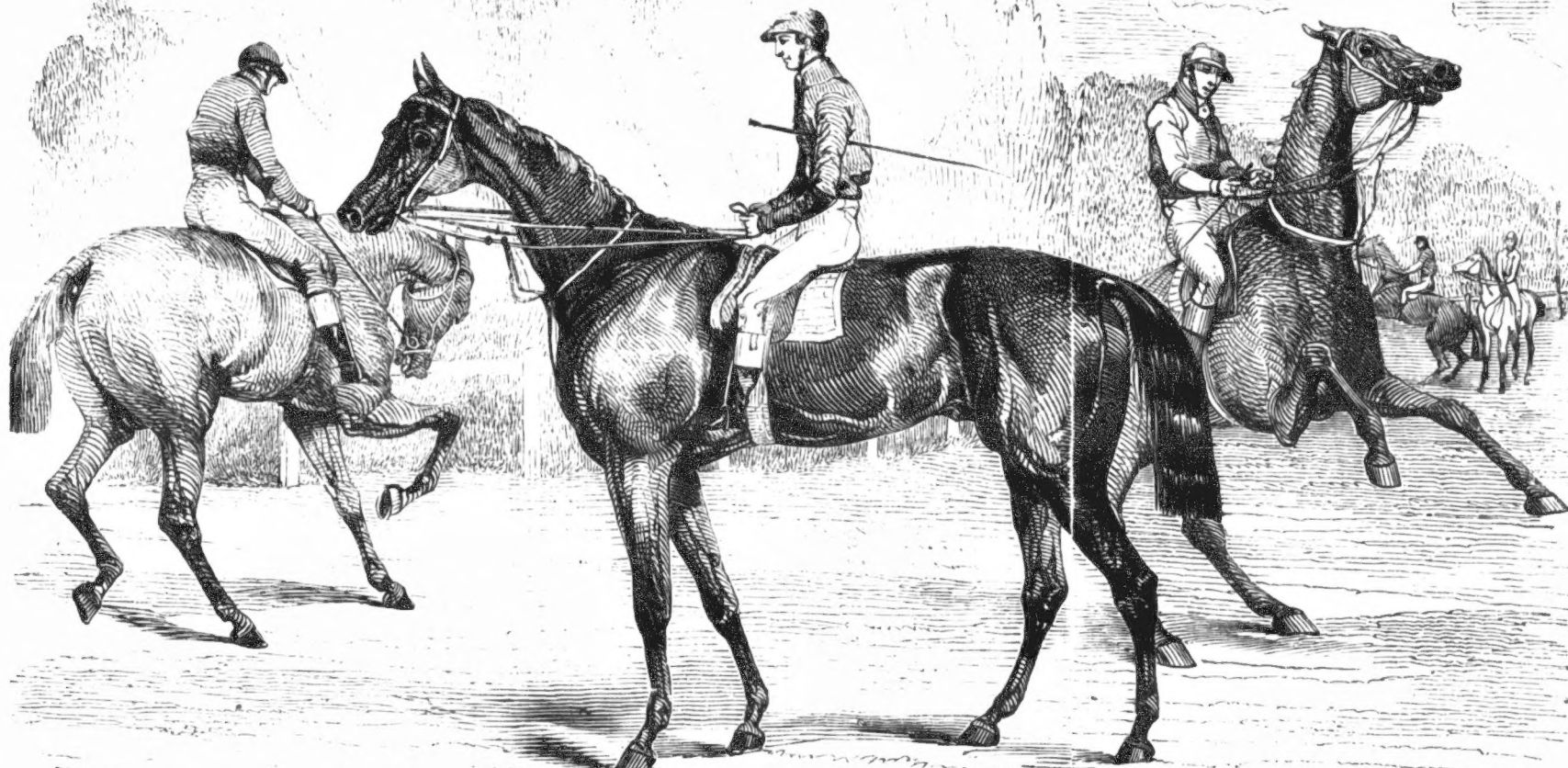
## THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND GENERAL MOURAVIEFF.

The following is a letter of the Emperor of Russia to General Mouravieff. It is published in the *Invalide Russe*:—  
"Michael Nicolaiewitch!—Four months ago I called you to the



MUSARD'S CONCERTS, CHAMPS ELYSEES.





THE RANGER.

LORD CLIFDEN.

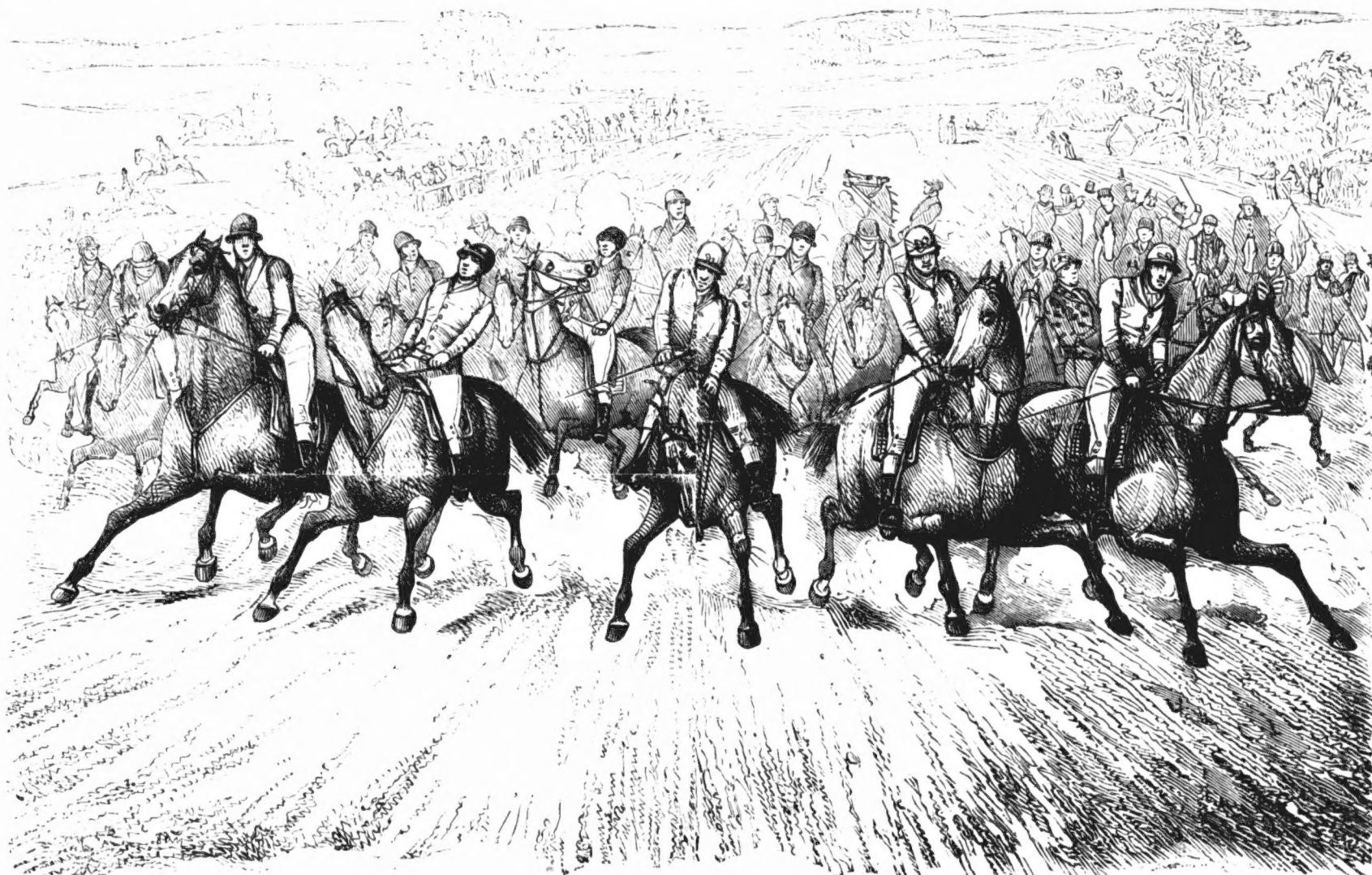
QUEEN BERTHA

THE ST. LEGER FAVOURITES.

administration of a large country, where revolt, prepared long beforehand by a part of the local population, had shaken the bases of social order, disorganized all the branches of the administration, and brought about a long series of sanguinary struggles. Without regarding your health, impaired by long labours in the service of

the State, and with the full knowledge of the difficulties you were about to contend with, you accepted with exemplary self-denial the mission offered to you. By your indefatigable activity and your energetic arrangements you have speedily arrived at a successful result. In the greater part of the country committed to your care

order is already re-established, and in the remainder it is being progressively restored. We thank you for your efforts, owing to which we see the moment approaching when, without resorting to measures of regrettable severity, tranquillity may be definitively consolidated, and the general principles of the Government and of



THE START FOR THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER. (See page 227.)



the Administration re-established. In order to prove to you my sincere gratitude for your constant and absolute abnegation and for your sacrifices to this country, I name you Knight of the Imperial Order of St. Andrew the Apostle, of which I send you the insignia, and I remain your invariably affectionate,

"ALEXANDER."

A similar rescript has been addressed with the same insignia to General Annankoff, Governor-General of Kieff, Podolia, and Volhynia.

#### FIGHT BETWEEN AN ICHNEUMON AND A COBRA.

In a letter to the *Madras Times*, dated Trichinopoly, July 15, and signed by three officers of the Indian service, we find the following interesting account of a fight between a mongoose or ichneumon and a cobra:—"We think the long-vested question whether the mongoose on being bitten by the cobra retires into the jungle and finds some herb as an antidote for the poison, or whether the venom of the serpent produces no effect on the animal, has been at last settled. On Saturday morning last, whilst seated in the mess-house with several officers of the regiment, a servant came and stated that a snake had been seen by one of the guard to enter a hole in the ground close to where the guard was. We immediately sent for a mongoose (a tame one, and the property of an officer), and put him to the hole. He soon began to scratch away the earth, and in half an hour a fine cobra, about a yard long, came forward, with head erect, and hood distended, to attack the mongoose, who seemed to care nothing for the reptile, but merely jumped out of way to avoid the blows which the snake struck at him. The mongoose unfortunately had just been fed, consequently did not show sufficient inclination to go in at him and kill him; so we secured the snake and carried him over to one of the officer's quarters to have the contest carried out there, after the mongoose should have had some little time to get over his breakfast. After a couple of hours' rest, we placed the cobra in a room with closed doors (we having in the meantime taken up a secure station in the room, from which we could observe all the movements of the combatants), the mongoose was let in, and the fight commenced. The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but devoid of any appearance of fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched his opponent with evident signs of being aware of how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, who, suddenly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. The mongoose, quick as thought, sprang back out of reach, uttering at the same time savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose on the defensive, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of his antagonist, approached so near to the snake that he was forced, not relishing such close proximity, to draw his head back considerably. This lessened considerably his distance from the ground; the mongoose, at once seeing the advantageous opportunity, sprang at the cobra's head, and appeared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants put themselves in a position to renew the encounter, again the snake struck at his wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him. It would be tedious to recount in further detail the particulars of about a dozen successive rounds, at the end of which time neither combatant seemed to suffer more than the other; we will limit ourselves to describe the final and most interesting encounter. The fight had lasted some three-quarters of an hour, and both combatants seemed to nerve themselves to a final encounter. The cobra, changing his position of defence for that of attack, seemed determined now 'to do or die.' Slowly on his watchful enemy the cobra advanced; with equal courage the mongoose awaited the advance of his still unvanquished foe. The cobra had now approached so close that the mongoose, who, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backwards, as he had done in the previous encounters, nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed his object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra, quick as thought, struck again, and to all appearances fixed his fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing his head after having inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing his teeth in the head of the cobra. This seemed to convince the cobra that he was no match for his fierce and watchful antagonist; and now no longer exhibiting a head erect and defiant eye, unfurled his coils, and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on his retreating foe, and burying his teeth in his brain, at once ended the contest. The mongoose now set to work to devour his victim; and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before that, previous to this encounter, the snake had struck a fowl, which died within half an hour of the infliction of the bite, showing, beyond doubt, its capability of inflicting a deadly wound. After the mongoose had satisfied his appetite, we proceeded to examine, with a pocket lens, the wounds which he had received from the cobra; and, in washing away the blood from one of these places, the lens disclosed the broken fang of the cobra embedded in the head of the mongoose. To discover whether there was any truth in the assertion that the mongoose owes its impunity from the bite of the most venomous serpents to its knowledge of a herb which is an antidote to the poison, or whether, on the other hand, a prophylactic exists in the blood of this extraordinary animal, rendering it innocuous to the bite of a reptile fatal to all other animals, we have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever; but should it in the course of a fortnight show the slightest indisposition, we, in the cause of truth, will not fail to inform you. We consider, therefore, that there no longer exists a doubt that in the blood of the mongoose there is a prophylactic, and that the idea that it derives its impunity from a herb is one of the many popular errors."

**A DUEL BETWEEN LADIES.**—On Monday several ladies, while on a visit to a friend's house, a short distance from Gray's Ferry, were amusing themselves by singing and dancing, when one of them, a resident of Baltimore, sang a verse of the "Bonny Blue Flag;" one of the other ladies—singing said, "You're a rebel," at which another commenced the "Southern Marseillaise;" when it was finished, the lady who had been called a rebel said, "I wish we had pistols, I'd fight a duel with you for calling me a rebel." At this, a daughter of the gentleman at whose house they were, said, "We have pistols in the house, but they are not loaded." They were brought, and in order to give it the form of a duel, distances were measured in the room, the ladies took their places, word was given, one, two, three, when the lady who had called the other "rebel" said, "I will sit in this chair, as I wish to die easy." Word was again given, and the Baltimore lady, who had a self-cocking pistol, pulled the trigger, and bang went the pistol, a piercing scream was heard, and in an instant the room was filled with the members of the family, when it was discovered that two of the ladies had swooned; the Baltimore lady was standing motionless, and the one who wished to "die easy," sitting pale with terror in her chair; one ball had passed through her dress on the left side, grazing the skin, while in the leaf of a table on which she rested her arm were eight distinct shot-holes, and one bullet embedded in the wood. The pistol had been loaded by a boy on the 4th of July, but the charge had not been fired. The ladies were soon restored to consciousness, and commenced to realize the danger of meddling with firearms, a warning, it is needless to say, they will not disregard for the future.—*New York Tribune of Commerce.*

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#### NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313 Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

D.	M.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. BL.	
			A. M.	P. M.
26	S.	St. Cyprian, m., 258 ... ..	0 50	1 13
27	S.	17th Sunday after Trinity ... ..	1 36	1 57
28	M.	Electric Telegraph com., 1851 ... ..	2 19	2 39
29	T.	St. Michael Michaelmas Day ... ..	3 0	3 19
30	W.	St. Jerome died, 4:0 ... ..	3 39	3 58
1	T.	Camb. Michaelmas Term begins ... ..	4 18	4 35
2	F.	Sun rises 6a. 3m. Sets 5a. 35m. ... ..	4 53	5 13

MOON'S CHANGES.—Full moon, 6 h. 2 m. a.m.  
Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. EVENING.  
Ezekiel 14; Matthew 28. Ezekiel 18; 1 Corinthians 12.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent free to any part of the United Kingdom for three pence postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313 Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313 Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or, for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a pink wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

HASTA.—Five guineas would ensure the accomplishment of your wish. N. F. N. K.—Lord Nelson's ship, the Victory, lies in Portsmouth harbour. K. G.—Lady Hamilton, Nelson's mistress, died many years back at Calais, in the most abject poverty, and was interred by charity. AN ENQUIRER (Doncaster).—If Middleton is in possession of sufficient funds, we recommend him to proceed to the Crimea to judge for himself. R. W. L.—Lisbon is considered to be the filthiest and most noisome city in Europe.

THREE YEARS AT LAW.—Your only remedy is by having the legal shark's bill taxed. SCOTIA.—The genius of Sir Walter Scott placed him far above caring either for the frowns or smiles of royalty: his somewhat servile homage to George IV. is not the brightest trait in his character.

E. B. S.—The musician cannot claim compensation for the time he wasted in trying to get his money, as the remedy by summons from the County Court was at once at his command.

SIMON PURE.—Avoid conversing too much on your own affairs unless questioned thereon; it is egotistic, and most probably unenterprising; let your discourse with men be of a more serious character than with women, for the former will generally judge a person by his reasoning, the latter by his agreeableness.

TSCHIK.—Ballet girls' salaries do not average one pound per week, or anything near it. Out of the pittance paid them they are expected to find gloves, shoes, &c. If virtue be seldom found in a corps de ballet it is a circumstance little to be wondered at, considering the miserable means afforded them of existence, and the many temptations for ever in their path.

W. K.—There is unclaimed property in the name you give: but we are unable to furnish any further particulars. All we know about it, that several advertisements have appeared in the newspapers, at different times, on the subject. We forget to whom answers were to be sent. You had much better employ some respectable solicitor to make the necessary inquiries for you, which can be done at a moderate expense. If you do not know a lawyer in London you can apply to Mr. William Eaden, No. 10, Gray's-Inn-square.

#### THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

We publish in another part of our paper the text of the reply of Russia to the last despatch of France in reference to the affairs of Poland. Its publication will produce a profound sensation in Paris and throughout France, and will excite no ordinary interest throughout Europe. It is, we unhesitatingly say, the most haughty, the most defiant, the most scornful communication which ever one European Government addressed to another. It is even insolent. The affront which it offers to Louis Napoleon is indeed so gross, that we hold it impossible he can sit tamely under it. It is one which he must resent; or, if he do not, he will commit a great, perhaps a fatal, error. With so high-spirited a people as the French, who are proverbially sensitive to any insult offered to their country, he will lose all his prestige, and that may prove the prelude to the loss of his throne. In what way he may exact reparation for so flagrant an outrage on himself and France remains to be seen; but that he must do something of an energetic kind, and promptly too, is, we repeat, indisputable to his continuing to govern the people of France. The Russian answers to the despatches to Austria and Great Britain are not couched in any very flattering terms, but they are courtesy itself compared with the reply to France. One feature characterizes each of the documents—Russia refuses point blank to modify her policy in any one particular in compliance with the wishes of the three Powers. But not content with that, she emphatically repudiates their

right to interfere in any way with the mode in which she thinks fit to administer the affairs of Poland. Since, then, Russia chooses to assume this high ground, and as Great Britain and Austria are not prepared to join France in going to war with Russia to compel her to do justly—if they cannot compel her to show mercy—towards Poland, there is one thing which they can do, which, though not equivalent to active intervention on behalf of Poland, would be of essential, probably of vital service to the Poles. We allude to their recognition as belligerents. We have done this in the case of the Southern States of America; and after the seven months' successful resistance which the Poles have made to their Russian oppressors, they have, according to the law of nations, an undoubted right to recognition by the three Powers. And the act would only be one which would be just in itself, but it would be an act of righteous retribution on Russia for the scornful manner in which she has treated France, Austria, and Great Britain.

An association formed with so benevolent an object as the prevention or diminution of the appalling crime of infanticide is of a nature to evoke the most sincere wishes for its success. When a coroner of the experience of the late Mr. Wakley expresses an opinion that in the average a case of infanticide happens about once a day throughout the year in London alone, and the evil appears, from recent statistics, to be rather on the increase than the decline, the magnitude of this peculiar form of mortality will at once be appreciated. It is a perennial massacre of the innocent. Indeed, so calculated is this crime to harrow up the feelings, that there is no little difficulty in discussing the subject in that calm, dispassionate state of mind whence the suggestion of really and permanently efficient means for removing, or at least for mitigating, the evil can alone be hoped. Unless in a case like this, where the sympathies are so awakened, the emotions so disturbed, great care be taken that the soundest judgment and the largest experience, guided by really enlightened benevolence, be left to settle the measures of reform, there is danger that the means adopted, though with the best intentions, to lessen the evil may only aggravate and increase it. A cold bath, or a glass of iced water, in the burning delirium of a fever, may relieve the patient for a moment, but cause his death in excruciating agonies a few hours after, even though he might have been in a fair way to recover. The means which the society in question propose to adopt for diminishing infanticide appear to be the establishment of an asylum into which destitute mothers are to be admitted with their infants, without being separated from each other. A change in the present law seems also to be contemplated for securing to the mother of an illegitimate child, from the putative father, a sum sufficient for the "substantial and continued support" of her offspring. The pauperism or insolvency of the putative father is foreseen and provided for in the following suggestion:—"In case money cannot be obtained from the pockets of the seducers, it should be taken out of their skirts;" by which, as we infer, it is meant that they are to be set to hard labour, and its produce be applied to the support of their victim and her child; because it is obvious that flogging the seducer—one of the constructions which this suggestion seems to admit—would have no tendency to provide the mother and her child with substantial and continued support. Whether the projects of the association are practicable or not we cannot say. At all events, it is high time to do something that shall operate as a preventive to the fearful amount and increase of infanticide.

#### DREADFUL EFFECTS OF DRINK.

THE coroner for Central Middlesex held an inquest on Monday morning in relation to the death of a young man named William Banks, who died in a cab while on his way to the St. Pancras Infirmary. John E. Banks stated that the deceased was his son, and was a carriage trimmer by trade. He had, however, abandoned his trade for the profession of "a vocalist," and had sung at some of the public-house music-halls. He had seen very little of his son lately, until he took ill about three weeks ago. During that illness the deceased was labouring under delirium tremens, and in the middle of last week the medical gentleman who attended him gave it as his opinion that it was unsafe to have him in the house with his wife and children, and advised his removal to an infirmary, where he could be better watched and attended to. Dr. Jeffreys, district surgeon, connected with the St. Pancras workhouse, prescribed a mixture for him, and gave an order for his admission into the workhouse infirmary. The deceased took the mixture about ten o'clock at night, after which he was violent. Between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, when he became somewhat easier to manage, he was placed in a cab for the purpose of removal to the infirmary, and witness, with two other persons, accompanied him. On reaching the gate of the workhouse it was observed that deceased had become insensible, and he died while the cab was moving from the gate to the main building. The porter of the institution brought a doctor to see him directly the cab entered the yard, but he had expired before any remedies could be applied. Deceased was thirty-one years of age at the time of his death. Mr. J. Pitts, landlord of the house in which deceased had been living during his illness, corroborated the testimony of Mr. Banks, and a woman who had assisted in attending on him said that he had had paroxysms of extreme violence before his removal. He had attempted to jump out of the window, and had injured his arm by striking it against the bedpost. He called eagerly for gin and water the night of his death. It was refused, but a glass of bitter ale was given to him before his removal. A juror stated that on his own admission the deceased had spent a pound a week of his own money in drink; and another juror observed that they might safely estimate the "treats" given to him at another pound's worth of drink. Dr. Lankester said that even £1 represented a frightful amount of alcohol when spent in a public-house. Dr. Saul stated that he had made a post-mortem examination of the body of the deceased. The lungs were diseased, and even if the delirium tremens had not come on the man could not have lived very long. He must have died of consumption, but the former attack had brought matters to a crisis. Dr. Lankester remarked that consumption was not the cause of death. Delirium tremens had supervened, and this seemed to have been caused by intemperate habits. In reply to the jury, Dr. Saul could not say the journey in the cab had accelerated death. He thought it probable that deceased would have died quite as soon if he had been left at home. The jury found "That the deceased died of the effects of delirium tremens, and that his death had been accelerated by intemperate habits."

LEATHER.—We have been shown ladies bonnets made of leather. What is more, they are very pretty. In a week or so they will be in the market.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*



## The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will prolong their residence at Abergeldie till the close of next week, and will then go to Sandringham, Norfolk, for a few weeks.

### THE COURT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ALTHOUGH the weather has been somewhat rough and cold since the arrival of the Court at Balmoral, yet her Majesty has not missed a day in being out of doors and visiting scenes endeared by associations of the late Prince Consort. On Wednesday she visited the "carr" raised to the memory of his royal highness, inspected the new dairy, now quite completed, and also drove to Abergeldie Castle, on a call to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their royal highnesses seem to be enjoying the Highlands very much, and continue to take long drives among the fine, romantic scenery every other day, accompanied by Colonel K. Farquharson, Colonel Keppel, and Captain Farquharson. The Prince has been deer-stalking in the forest of Invercauld, where on Saturday he had the good fortune to see a herd of 300 noble stags. Some rare sport was expected, but the wind blowing suddenly veered, the herd passed beyond rifle range, and consequently nothing could be done. At an afternoon of the day, however, when the Princess of Wales had joined the party—all of whom partook of luncheon, served on the grass near the skirts of the wood—the sportsmen were more successful. A deer drive having been proposed from Craig Cluny, the Prince and Princess gaily ascended the hill. Her royal highness took up a favourable position at the pass, and soon had the pleasure of seeing a number of fine stags bounding past at some twenty or thirty yards' distance. Two of the herd fell before the rifles of the royal party. At the conclusion of the sport, the Prince and Princess were conducted round to the romantic Falls of the Garrawalt. On Tuesday the Prince went out shooting, and killed two fine stags. Same day his royal highness, accompanied by the Princess, drove to Balmoral to wait the arrival of the Queen. In the interval they visited the Lochnagar distillery, where the proprietor, Mr. John Begg, had the pleasure of explaining to his noble visitors the whole process of the manufacture of whisky as carried on at his famous establishment. Afterwards the royal party honoured Mr. and Mrs. Begg by partaking of refreshments at their residence, near the distillery. Returning to Balmoral Castle, the Prince and Princess were in waiting to welcome her Majesty on her arrival at half-past six. On Wednesday the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred had good sport among the grouse, and in the afternoon the Princess enjoyed what appears to be a favourite pastime with her royal highness—a hill-side picnic. On Wednesday evening the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse arrived at Balmoral Castle, and received a very hearty welcome from the Queen and a number of the tenantry who had been made aware of their coming by command of her Majesty. Princess Alice was always a great favourite at Balmoral, from her frank and winning manners in mixing with the dwellers on the estate, and when, on her arrival on Wednesday evening, she held up her child so that her old friends might see "baby," the incident was felt to bespeak kindly recollections of past days.—*Court Paper.*

**THE PRINCE OF WALES'S APARTMENTS IN WINDSOR CASTLE.**—A noble suite of apartments is being prepared and fitted up with great magnificence in the York Tower, which is situated on the south side of the Castle, facing the "Long Walk," for the reception of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales when residing at Windsor. In addition to these, other apartments are being fitted up for the same purpose in the "Keep," to be used by the Prince, it is stated, as governor of the Round Tower. Here in the olden times, the governor of the Castle resided, the "Keep" being provided with an extensive armoury, but of late years the various chambers have been used for the accommodation of the equerries and visitors to her Majesty. The apartments now alluded to face the lower ward of the Castle. Within the "Keep" of the fortress, David, King of Scotland, and the Earls of Surrey and Lauderdale were immured as state prisoners at different times. There are, it is understood, several privileges attached to the position alluded to above, and among these are, we believe, the right of visiting and residing in the "Tower" without an express invitation from the Queen, and of hoisting the "Union Jack" over the "Keep," the Royal Standard being, of course, reserved only for the presence of the Sovereign.

**GROSS SUPERSTITION.**—There has seldom been recorded a grosser instance of a superstition than was disclosed in the trial of a case at last Loughall (county Antrim) petty sessions. James Hagan was summoned by his wife, Sarah Hagan, for gross ill-treatment, the cause of which was the loss of a talisman which Hagan believed enabled him to become invisible at certain times and places. This mysterious power is communicated by the possession of a "dead man's finger." It certainly must have once been part of a very bad man, for its possessor seems to have used it for very bad purposes, his wife having sworn that he kept it because by means of it he could enter any man's dwelling, go behind his counter, and rob his drawers without being observed or detected. This was her evidence; but she could not say if the finger had ever been so employed. No doubt to a thief such a relic would be valuable. Hagan regarded it in that light; it endowed him with a charmed existence, and because his wife could not account for it, he gave her a most unmerciful beating, and threatened to take her life. The truth appears to be that the poor woman became alarmed at the conduct of her husband in carrying about the finger, and she buried it in a neighbour's field and forgot the place of interment. No excuse would satisfy Hagan. He should have the finger, and nothing but the finger; so that the poor woman, failing to discover it, felt the power of his five fingers in a very unmanly way. The bench, having commented severely on the fellow's misconduct and gross superstition, ordered him to find bail to keep the peace for twelve months.

**THE VALUE OF A SPARROW.**—A large crowd of persons attended at the sale-rooms in Adelaide, attracted chiefly by the announcement that the birds &c., brought out in the Orient would be submitted to public competition. They fetched in many instances very high prices. An English sparrow without his cage fetched 11s., rather a high price for a sparrow, although, as it is the sole survivor of 100 shipped by the importer, it will be rather dear to the buyer than profitable to the seller. A couple of blackbirds sold for 6s., a goldfinch canary for 3s., and other birds fetched high prices. Swan River parrots sold for 30s. each. The auctioneer dwelt facetiously upon the qualities of sparrows, considered as the farmer's friends, although, as the sparrow he sold was warranted to be the "only one in the colony," it is difficult to see how the race of sparrows is to be thereby introduced. A similar difficulty presents itself with regard to the blackbirds, which the fortunate purchaser was assured were both cocks!—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette.*

**HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.**—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWKICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion and greatly economise your household expenditures.—[Advertisement.]

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### AN ALPINE ROMANCE.

THE romance of Alpine life has just received a singular and fatal illustration in the mountains of Savoy. Exactly nineteen years ago, on the 14th of September, 1844, a young man of the village of Passy, between Chamouny and Nallanches, left his home on a pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Bernard. Such pilgrimages are common in these parts; the Augustinian monks, who exercise the world-renowned hospitality of the old hotel-convent, being in the habit of sending annually messengers through the whole of Savoy and Switzerland to collect offerings for the maintenance of the Hospice, as well as to encourage visits to the shrine of St. Bernard. The chief period of these religious excursions is in the middle of September, when the roads are freest from snow and ice, and most of the villages in the mountains are enlivened by fairs, municipal processions, and other festive gatherings. The pilgrim of Passy, a robust young man, but lately married, and setting out on his journey, in consequence of a vow made before gaining the bells of the village, quitted his home in the most joyous spirits, striding with elastic step, now through purple fields covered with rhododendrons, and then again up huge boulders of rocks and across mighty glaciers, extending like frozen rivers, down to the green valley of Chamouny. He reached the convent safely on the evening of the day on which he started, was hospitably entertained at the Hotel de St. Louis, paid his devotion to the saint of the mountain, and on the following morning descended the path to Martigny, famous for its wine, its monks, and its gnats.

Martigny was not on the road of the pilgrim of Passy, and the object of his going there was a purely mercantile one. The annual fair, visited by dealers and manufacturers from all parts of Switzerland, was being held there, and it was in the plan of the traveller to buy a large piece of linen, and, by smuggling it across the Sardinian frontier, to reimburse himself for the expenses of the journey. There was nothing to prevent the execution of the scheme—a very common one among the peasants of the Savoy Alps. Accordingly, after having remained a night at Martigny, and driving as close a bargain as possible for his piece of linen, the pilgrim started on his journey early on the morning of the 16th of September. To avoid the custom-house, particularly strict on the part of the Sardinian territory, he had to take a rather difficult path across the Col de la Forclaz, frequented only by smugglers and chamois hunters, but nevertheless free from danger to an experienced mountaineer. Leaving the main road from Martigny to Chamouny to the left, he climbed the precipitous sides of the Cole de Balme; then descended into the stony and desolate Alpine gorge, enclosed by thick pine forests, and traversed by the Banpoire; then again mounted the snow-clad ridges of the Taune-vergez, and climbing higher and higher, at length reached the western slope of Le Buet, where ice-fields, descending from the summit of Mont Blanc, marked the frontier between Switzerland and Sardinia—now between Switzerland and France. Here the young mountaineer was met by a peasant of the village of Sixt, to whom he gave news of the fair of Martigny. No human eye ever saw him alive after. Not coming home at the appointed time, he was sought for in all directions, but no trace of him could be discovered. For many a lonely night a young widow wept in her little cottage in the village of Passy, gradually solaced by the cries of a baby who had never seen his father, and after that the veil of time covered all. The mysterious disappearance of the pilgrim of Passy was forgotten, as most mysteries are forgotten in this fleeting world.

It so happened that, about a fortnight ago, a shepherd of the village of Samoens went in search of a lost goat, which, in consequence of an uncommonly dry and warm summer, had strayed far up into the mountains overhanging the valley of the Dranse. Exploring the ice-bound ridges fruitlessly for a whole day, the man himself at last lost his way, and, seeing the sun sinking in the west, hurried home in what he believed to be the direction of his village, leaping from rock to rock with the help of his long alpenstock. Suddenly, on jumping a deep glacier, an extraordinary sight arrested his eyes. The rays of the sun illuminated a gulf of ice, looking like a vast crystal cavern, in the midst of which was the figure of a man lying flat on his back, with apparently open eyes and hands folded across his breast. Horrified, the peasant nearly lost his footing, but, recovering himself, looked once more from the height of a detached rock into the crystal cave below. He had not been mistaken; there was the figure at the bottom, to all appearance fast asleep, stretched out at his ease, and with a large parcel serving as a pillow under his head. The shepherd hallooed at the top of his voice, and then screamed; but not a voice answered from below. Fear now overcame him again, and with the strength of despair he continued his road across the rocks. Sooner than he thought he arrived at the Chalet de la Gelaize, where he made known his discovery. It was too late to revisit the cave in the glaciers, but at the break of dawn the next morning a party of mountaineers, guided by the shepherd, and provided with ropes and axes, set out for the spot. The crystal sarcophagus was soon found, and the boldest of the company was let down to the icy depths, from which he brought in his arms the body of a young man, frozen, and hard as stone, yet still looking fresh and life-like. Attached to the corpse, by a mass of ice, was a parcel containing a new piece of linen; while a watch, in the coat pocket of the dead man, with broken glass, but not otherwise damaged, showed the hour of noon. Two elderly peasants at once recognised the features as those of the pilgrim of Passy, mysteriously lost nineteen years ago. Embalmed in ice, decay has not yet touched his flesh, and he had lain undisturbed in his crystal coffin while a generation of men passed away over his head. The discoverers of the body held a short consultation among themselves what to do with it, coming to the decision to carry their burden at once over the mountains to Passy. There was no choice of conveyance, the only one being the *crochet*, or hook, fastened to the shoulders, on which all loads are transported in the Alps. To the hook, accordingly, the frozen corpse was fastened in a sitting posture, with upright head and feet hanging to the ground. Thus the pilgrim, dead nineteen years, was carried to his former home, through snow-fields and glaciers, across rocks, fields, and meadows, extending over near a score of miles. Fastened still to the *crochet*, the body of the young man was left at the cottage of the young widow of Passy—now young no more, but an elderly grey-haired woman. The son who had never before seen his father made him a wooden coffin, and, to honour his memory, kept the body lying in state for twenty-four hours. Then, at the ringing of the bells, and accompanied by all the inhabitants of the village, the pilgrim was carried to his last resting place, never more to be disturbed by mortal hands. Here is a story for poets in want of a subject. The facts all, as we have told them, are from the *Courrier des Alpes*.

**ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE MALTA HANGMAN.**—A few days ago an attempt was made to murder the public executioner by hurling on him from the top of a house on the St. Giuseppe-road a heavy stone as he was lying asleep outside the door, as is the custom with the lower orders during the hot season. The stone struck him on his side, breaking two of his ribs, and otherwise doing him serious injury, but no fatal result is anticipated. Had the stone struck him in any part of the body with the full force of its descent, as was evidently intended, it must, from its great weight, have crushed him to death. It appears that he had rendered himself very obnoxious to the people with whom he lived from his overbearing and intemperate conduct towards them. The house was a common lodging-house, all the inmates having access to the terrace, which makes it very difficult to discover the author of this murderous act, who has hitherto escaped detection.

### IMPORTANT TO EMIGRANTS.

MR. JAMES CHAMBERS, shipowner, of 27, Leadenhall-street, was summoned, on Monday, before Alderman Sir Robert Carden sitting at the Mansion House for the Lord Mayor, at the instance of Mr. George William Nalder, residing until recently at Bristol, for an alleged breach of the Passengers' Act of 1855.

Mr. Westall, solicitor, of Gray's-inn-square, conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Sleight was counsel for the defence.

Mr. Nalder, the complainant, was called. He said: I am a solicitor. I have resided at Long Ashton, near Bristol, for fifteen years. In August last I resolved on proceeding to New Zealand with my wife and family, consisting of a son of twenty-one, two daughters, of nineteen and seventeen respectively, another of twelve, and two boys of fifteen and nine years. With that view, I put myself in communication with Messrs. Wilson and Bilbrough; and on the 27th of August I took three saloon cabins in the Chariot of Fame, a vessel of about 640 tons register, and one of the White Star line of passenger ships, belonging to the defendant's firm. The contract price for the passage was £357 10s., and I paid £178 15s., the half of it, by way of deposit. The ship was to sail from London for Otago, New Zealand, on the 15th of September. In pursuance of that agreement I sold my business and my property, by which I was put to an expense of £500. About the beginning of September, in consequence of a communication from a friend I telegraphed to the owners to ask if it was true that they were going to take troops out in the ship. I received an answer to the effect that they were about to take Government stores out in her. On the 5th of September I received a letter from them, stating that the Chariot of Fame had been taken up for troops, and that they proposed to send me and my family out in a ship named the Ulcoats. On the 15th I went on board the Chariot of Fame. She then seemed to be undergoing repairs, and the three cabins which had been assigned to me were being pulled to pieces. We are now living in lodgings at an hotel. I had sold, in order to go out, one of the prettiest houses in Bristol, and am now entirely on my beam-ends.

Cross-examined by Mr. Sleight: I wrote to the effect that if troops were to be taken out in the vessel, I should not go with her. I received an answer that they were willing to take us out in the Ulcoats, where they said we should have no worse accommodation than in the Chariot of Fame. I objected to go with troops, having a wife and three daughters.

By Sir Robert Carden: When I took cabin berths the vessel was advertised as a passenger ship, and nothing was said about taking out troops.

Mr. Westall, the complainant's attorney, said he was not there to say that the taking troops was any breach of contract; but what he contended was that the taking troops put it out of the defendant's power to allow her to sail at the time specified, and that she was entirely taken up with troops.

Witness said the cabins he had taken were not ready for him on his visit to the ship on the 15th. His furniture was all packed to go, and he had the rest of his passage money in his pocket to pay down. He admitted he did not tender it. Mr. Arthur Bilbrough, the defendant's partner, deposed, in reply to Mr. Westall, that the Chariot of Fame was advertised to sail on the 15th of September. Witness tendered the ship to the Government for the conveyance of troops on the 2nd of September. She had been previously tendered for stores, and when witness wrote on the 2nd of September to say that the ship had been ordered to be surveyed by the Admiralty, with the view of her taking out stores, she had not then been taken up for troops. She was not taken up for troops until several days afterwards. Witness tendered her for about 400 troops, or it might be a few more. He would not undertake to say she was not tendered for 500, or for between 500 and 600. After the first tender he tendered for 100 more; but Mr. Nalder's cabins were reserved notwithstanding. The ship would carry between 800 and 900 troops, not including the crew, and quite as many passengers. They contracted with the Government to carry the men at £6 a head and the officers at about £19, the Government finding them in certain things; but they did not give up the whole of the vessel to them. The ship was to call at Cork, and the date of sailing depended upon the Government. At Cork they were to take up between 200 and 300 more troops. The Government had to fit the vessel up for the reception of troops, and she could not sail until the 13rd. All the cabins were now taken up, and Mr. Nalder could not now go in her. Up to the 15th (witness added in cross-examination) the cabins were reserved for him, and up to that time there was an abundance of convenience for him and his family. It was only on his declining to go in the Chariot of Fame that a passage was offered him in the Ulcoats. Witness admitted the ship was not in a condition to receive passengers on the 15th.

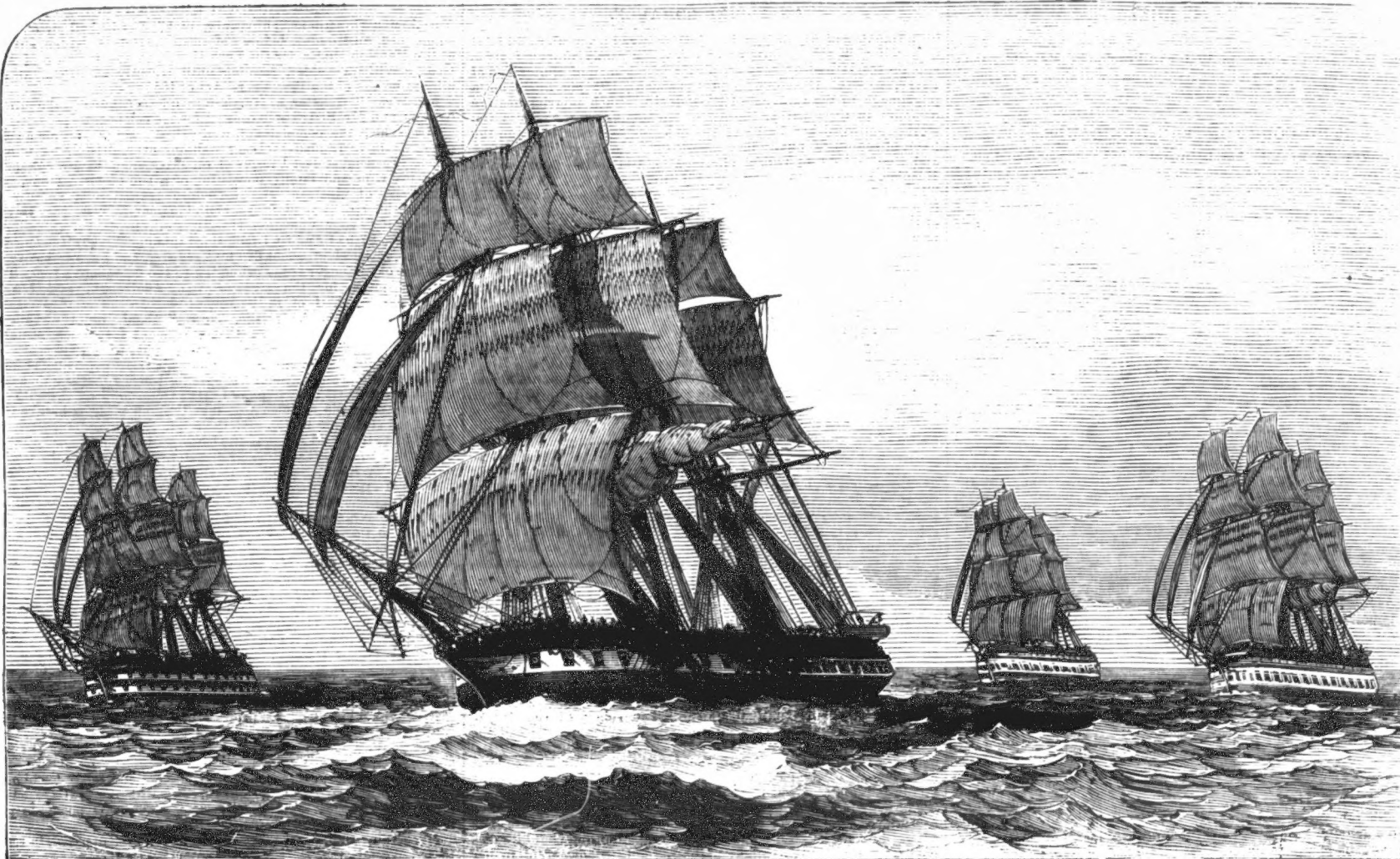
Sir Robert Carden, admitting the importance of the case, to emigrants, said it appeared that the three cabins assigned to Mr. Nalder were really at his service up to the time the vessel professed to sail. The question of the ship not sailing was simply one of expense to the complainant consequent on the delay, for which he had no remedy. There could be little doubt that when Mr. Nalder visited the ship on the 15th, if he had tendered the balance, and said he was ready to take possession of the cabins, notwithstanding the troops were going out, he could have had them. He did not do that, and was offered a passage in the Ulcoats. He (Sir Robert) was sure the defendant would not, under the circumstances, retain the passage-money. This proceeding, he thought, had become necessary from some little want of fact on the part of the complainant. Under the circumstances, he did not think there had been such a breach of contract as would warrant him in adjudicating in the matter, but he did not regret that, for he was sure substantial justice would be done to the complainant by the defendant either returning the deposit on the passage-money, or finding him accommodation in one of the White Star line of ships suitable for him and his family.

**A GALLANT TAR.**—A very gallant and determined act was performed by Commander Edward Wilmot, of the Euryalus, flag-ship of Admiral Kuper, on the night of the 25th of June last. While the ship was at anchor at Yokohama one of the marine sentries fell overboard, and, being encumbered with his full accoutrements, instantly sank, together with a seaman who had rushed overboard to his assistance. Commander Wilmot, at this critical moment, jumped overboard, and, having dexterously placed himself under the drowning man, brought them both to the surface and safely on board. This is not the first act of the like nature this gallant officer has performed, and his presence on the spot, which was quite accidental, was most fortunate on this occasion in saving two valuable lives.

**QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.**—The American papers give an account of the execution, in the presence of General Meade's army, of five deserting substitutes from the 118th Pennsylvania. On their way to execution the condemned men were paraded before each regiment in turn, preceded by their coffins and accompanied by their priests; one of the men being a Jew and others Catholics, an argument for precedence in the procession took place between the rabbi and the Catholic priest. The latter claimed the first rank, as representing what he considered the first of churches. The former asserted his right as acting for the eldest of faiths. The provost-marshal decided in favour of the rabbi.

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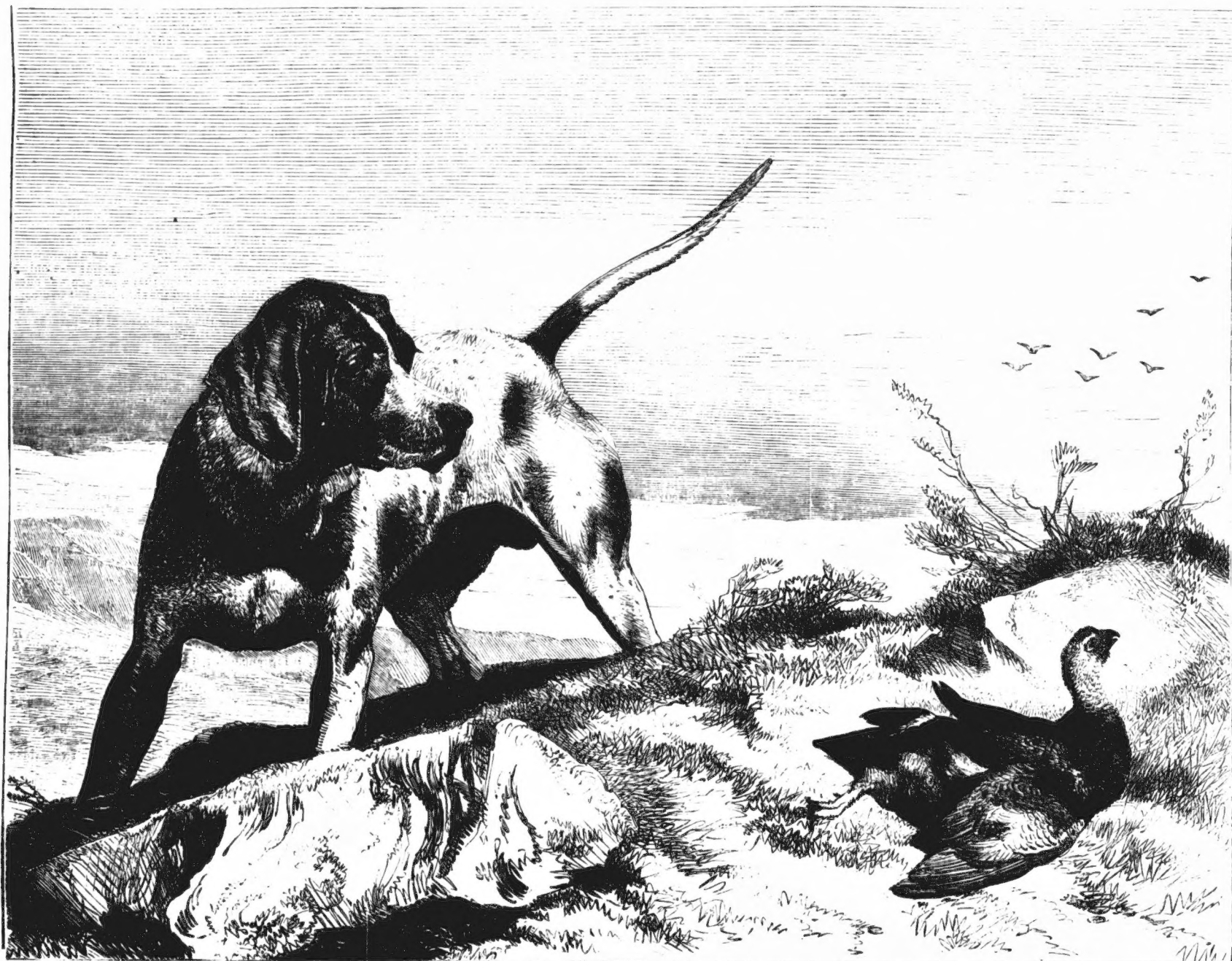
EDGAR.

EMERALD.

LIVERPOOL.

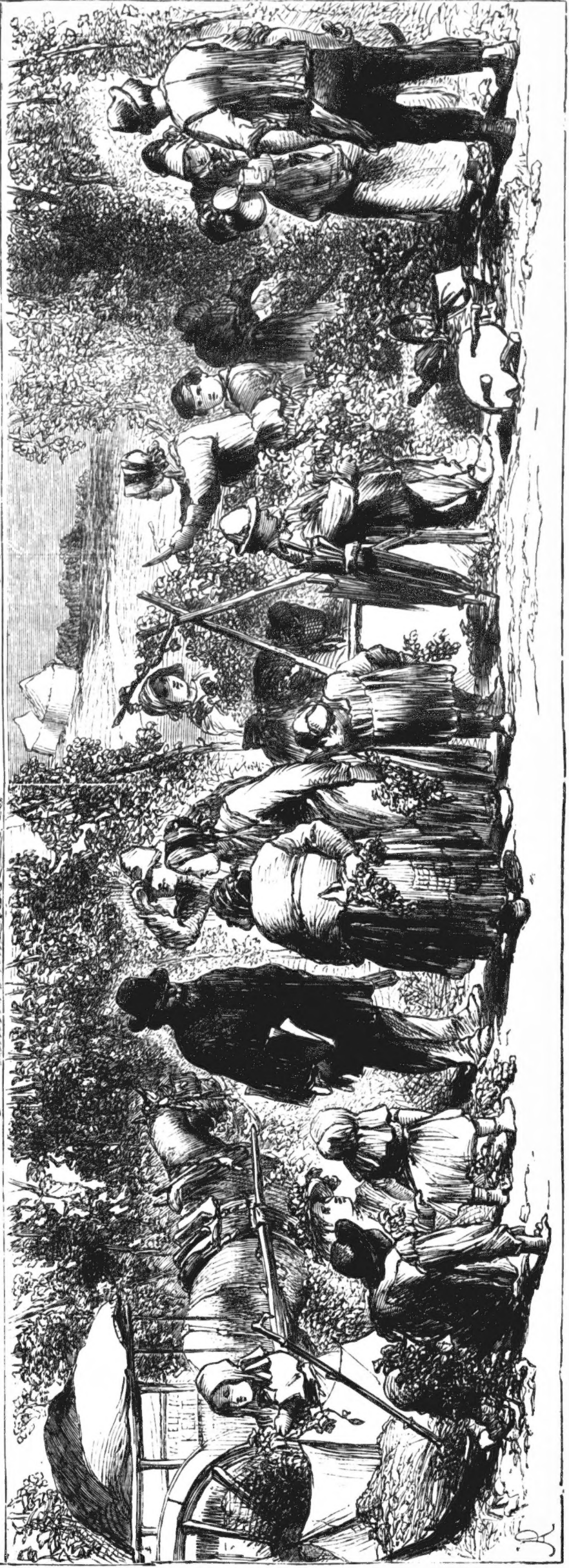
WARRIOR.

THE CHANNEL FLEET ON ITS VOYAGE TO LIVERPOOL. (See page 228.)



GROUSE SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND. (See page 226.)





HOP-PICKING IN THE COUNTY OF KENT. (See page 226.)



## Theatricals, Music, etc

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—The eccentric comedy of "Nature's Above Art" is now followed by a new two-act drama, called "The Deal Boatman." The plot is of the simplest kind, illustrating one of those homey stories of pure domestic interest which have been told repeatedly in the pages of periodicals, and which have been almost as frequently exhibited on the minor stage. Jacob Vance (Mr. G. Belmore), a Deal boatman, has, eighteen years prior to the commencement of the play, rescued, from the wreck of a West Indian man that has gone down off the Goodwin, a child that he has brought up as his own. When the piece begins we find Mary Vance (Miss Rose Leclercq), who has thus become his adopted daughter, is destined by him to share the fortunes of Mat Bramber, a pilot's apprentice. Another suitor has, however, appeared, who has won more favour in her eyes. Edmund Leslie (Mr. F. Charles), the nephew of a proud baronet, has been for three months in the neighbourhood, living partly under the roof of the boatman who has taken a fancy to the young man for the interest he has shown in a seafaring life. On the eve of what is intended to be Mary's wedding-day he passionately implores her to elope with him; and, whilst the neighbours are called in to celebrate the festive occasion, the girl, struggling between the affection for her lover and the duty she owes one who has been the only parent she ever knew, steals away unseen from the humble roof where she has been nurtured, and leaves a note upon the table to say she has "gone for ever." On the old boatman's agony of grief, and with his invoking of a curse on the head of her betrayer, the act-drops falls. When the action is resumed the scene is changed to the mansion of Sir John Houghton, the uncle of Edmund Leslie, and who has intended his nephew to form an aristocratic alliance; his determination in this respect being strengthened, as it appears, by the result of a marriage that he had himself formed in early life. The boatman comes to the hall to inquire after his child, and is coolly met by the baronet with an offer of pecuniary compensation. The nephew has, however, acted more honourably than is believed, and has only concealed his secret marriage with Mary to retain his inheritance, with the loss of which he is threatened in the event of refusing to comply with Sir John's wishes. Then it transpires, by means of a miniature found in the room, which corresponds with one in a locket worn by Mary (since the moment of her rescue, that she is of as good parentage as her husband, for in her Sir John recognises his daughter, who has been so long supposed drowned. The second act is much inferior in construction to the first. The action is retarded by long explanatory speeches, and the audience, who see their way clearly to the end, might reasonably demand that the revelation, which seems always on the point of being made, should take place somewhat earlier. The emotions that rend a father's heart when he finds his home left desolate, and disgrace threatening the dearest object of his care, have, since the days of "Clar," been sure to excite, if at all ably depicted, the sympathies of the spectators, and in this way Mr. Belmore held his ground secure. With that strong pathos, lightened by an occasional glimpse of humour, which Mr. Robson employed some years back to seize the attention of the audience, Mr. Belmore gives a highly-finished and most impressive picture of the old weather-beaten boatman, and the contrast between his hearty appearance at first, and his shattered body and enfeebled mind when he presents himself in the second act, was finely marked. Miss Rose Leclercq was an interesting representative of the daughter, and Mrs. Edmund Falconer gave strength to the cast by impersonating the boatman's sister-in-law, Bridget.

**HAYMARKET.**—After a vacation of two months, this favourite theatre was re-opened on Monday, when, to the great satisfaction of a numerous audience, the manager's promise of dedicating the recess to a consideration of their comfort was found to be faithfully fulfilled. Two new staircases afford easy ingress to a distinct row of seats, of most commodious construction. Chairs covered with rich Utrecht velvet replace the inconvenient ledges in the dress-circle on which the fashionable public perched rather than sat; and the seats in the amphitheatre above are rendered as comfortable as the seats in the pit below—a standard of comparison which, as many last night were in an easy position to testify, is indicative of a very great improvement indeed. The theatre, besides, has been re-decorated with great taste, and the carpeted approaches are in accordance with the general aspect of West-end refinement. With such an attractive novelty as "comfort" in the boxes, there was little occasion to furnish any novelty on the stage, and the programme on the first night of the new season was therefore nearly identical with the one presented on the last night of the old. The revival of Mr. Planche's drama of "Charles the Twelfth" was again hailed with a hearty welcome, in which all the old favourites of the establishment had a large share. The reception of Mr. Buckstone when he entered as the genial Adam Brock was marked by exceeding warmth of expression; and Mr. Alfred Wigan, the representative of the cool and courageous King of Sweden, was complimented with scarcely less zeal. Miss Louise Keeley, as Eugénie, and Mr. Compton, as the muddling, meddling burgomaster, received likewise kindly recognitions from the assemblage, and helped materially to sustain their interest in the play. "The Bengal Tiger" followed, in which Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan once more delighted the audience with their artistic embodiments of Sir Paul Pagoda and Miss Yellowleaf; and with the farce of "Founded on Facts," which commenced the evening, and the ballet of the "Galician Pete," which concluded it, a thoroughly satisfactory entertainment was secured.

**STRAND.**—The new farce, by Mr. J. V. Bridgman, interrogatively entitled "Where's your Wife?" and which now prefaces the popular burlesque of "The Motto," is one of those extravagant productions which answer every purpose, if they excite the laughter they are only written to provoke. An audience that can find inexhaustible materials for mirth in the uncomfortable perambulation of a personage who has been compelled to assume garments too brief for his figure, and who are disposed to receive each familiar form of practical stage joking with a fresh appreciation of the humorous originality of the proceeding, would not become very fastidious about the breadth of the incidents or the novelty of the framework, if amusement were only ensured. That the performance secured this result there can be no doubt, and still less that the author owed vast obligations for the successful issue to the performers. The loose morality of the characters concerned in the piece would point to a French source for the idea, but the scene is English, and the dialogue is of the true Middlesex vernacular. A suburban grocer, Stanislaus Flodder, has taken the advantage of the absence of his wife to go to a masquerade at the Alhambra (?), and there he makes an assignation for Cremorne with a fair unknown who charms his fancy. In the servant, Matilda, who comes next day to fill the vacancy caused by the sudden departure of her predecessor, he is made to recognise his masked innamorata, and his embarrassment is heightened by the discovery, at the same time, that his wife appears to have been intriguing with his intimate friend, Felix Lillierape. Ultimately, it is explained that it was Mrs. Flodder who met her husband at the *bal masqué*, and that it is Mrs. Lillierape who has been masquerading as the maid of all-work under her instructions. Both husbands, thus detected, receive a severe reprimand for their marital frailty, and the curtain falls upon the usual picture of penitence. With compression, the situations, which are replete with fun of a well-tested kind, will render the piece even more acceptable as a merry prelude to the rest. The clearing up of the mystery at the

end, though trenching on the boundaries of even farcical probability, removes the suspicion of a doubtful tendency which had previously attached to the plot. Mr. Belford rattles through the part of the gay shopkeeper, who is invested with the uniform of a volunteer, in his most hilarious manner; and Mr. Voltaire vigorously assists him as his equally peaceable associate in adventure. Miss Louisa Thorne looked a pretty wife, to whom no husband could play truant; and Miss Maria Simpson, as the fictitious servant who overthrows her master with demonstrative affection, played with a quiet humour that told most effectively.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

**CESAREWITCH.**—100 to 7 agst Mr. Greville's *Anfield*, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (t); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's *Lioness*, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. T. Valentine's *Hurricane*, 4 yrs, 8st (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Drowett's *Blackdown*, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's *Drummer Boy*, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. W. S. Theluson's *Jack of Hearts*, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (t); 25 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's *Oakapple*, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's *Myrtle*, 5 yrs, 7st (t); 1000 to 30 agst Mr. W. Day's *Catch-em-Alive*, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb (t); 33 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's *Barchettina*, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb (t); 40 to 1 agst Captain Starkey's *Romanoff*, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. J. Smith's *Melandra*, 3 yrs, 5st 8lb (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. G. Bryan's *Faultless*, 6 yrs, 7st 11lb (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Savill's *Buckenham*, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's *Agag*, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. G. Bryan's *Watchman*, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb (t).

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—100 to 6 agst Mr. W. Day's *Catch-em-Alive*, 4 yrs, 7st (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. W. L'Anon's *Borealis*, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb (t); 100 to 6 agst Duke of Beaufort's *Budhill*, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (t); 33 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's *Limosina*, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb (t); 33 to 1 agst Lord Chesterfield's *Polyneola*, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb (t); 33 to 1 agst Count Batthyany's *Turcos*, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. J. Osborne's *Comet*, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb (t); 40 to 1 agst Lord Coventry's *Exchequer*, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (t); 40 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's *Merry Hart*, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Stewart's *Cairncastle*, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb (t); 50 to 1 agst Lord Chesterfield's *Stockwell-Jacqueline*, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Lord Bateman's *Queen of Trumps*, 4 yrs, 8st (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Lord Bateman's *Despair*, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. G. Lambert's *Anrilan*, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Naylor's *Carnival*, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (t).

### THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND THE THEATRES IN HOLY WEEK.

The following correspondence has been published:—

"Addington Park, August 21, 1863.  
"My Lord Chamberlain, I have received a memorial signed by 1500 members of the Church of England, including a very large proportion of the dignitaries of the Church, and a numerous body of parochial clergy and laity, requesting me to endeavour to prevail with your lordship to revert to the former practice of closing during Passion Week the theatres under the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction. It appears that when the first intimation of the intended relaxation was given the year before last, a remonstrance was addressed to your lordship on the subject; but it was urged in reply that it was then too late to insert the prohibition clauses in the licences as they had been already issued to the managers of the theatres. The memorialists have reason to believe that the licences for the ensuing year have not yet been issued, and I cannot refrain from joining with them in an earnest appeal to your lordship to reconsider the step which was taken in 1861. It cannot but be a matter of deep regret and sorrow to us to find that that mark of respect and veneration for our suffering Saviour which had from time immemorial been paid to Him in this matter should now be authoritatively abolished, and that a brief season which had always been set apart for abstinence from public amusements should no longer be regarded in the same light by those who have the control of the royal theatres. I am not aware that there are any reasons which prevailed in former times for closing the theatres in Passion week which are not still in equal force; and I must, in my own name and in that of the memorialists, entreat your lordship to restore that time-honoured custom, which was calculated to uphold a sense of religion in the public mind, and to impress upon it as the holy season annually recurring, a sense of the awful nature of that sacrifice which was at that time offered for the sins of the world.—I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's faithful and obedient servant,  
"C. T. CANTUAR."

"Lord Chamberlain's-office, August 26, 1863.  
"My Lord Archbishop, I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your grace's letter of the 21st instant, by which, in compliance with a memorial signed by 1500 dignitaries and other members of the Church of England, your grace urges me to revert to the practice of closing during Passion week the theatres in the metropolis under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain.  
"I reply, I have the honour to assure your grace that I have given to the appeal now made to me my most anxious and serious consideration; and that it has been from no want of respect for the holy season in question, nor for the religious feelings of the numerous and influential body of memorialists, that, for the reasons which I have already more than once explained, I cannot, consistently with justice, reimpose upon the whole metropolitan profession restrictions which are imposed upon no other class of the community in London or in any of the other towns of Great Britain and Ireland.—I have the honour to be, my Lord Archbishop, your grace's most obedient humble servant,  
"The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury."

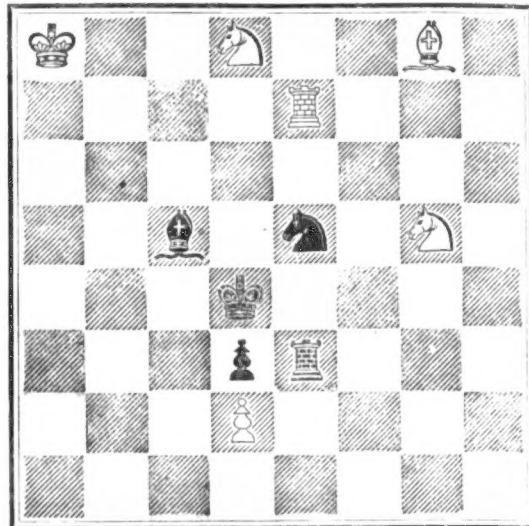
### MASSACRE BY CONFEDERATE GUERRILLAS.

The illustration in the front page depicts the recent terrible massacre at Lawrence, by the Confederate guerrilla chief, Quantrill. The full particulars of this barbarous slaughter of men, women, and children appeared in a recent number of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News*.

**TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK ON LAKE SUPERIOR.**—Chicago, Sept. 7. The steamer *Planet* arrived here this forenoon, bringing the news that the steamer *Sunbeam* foundered in Lake Superior on the 28th of August, and that all on board, except the wheelman, were lost. The wheelman lashed himself to a piece of wreck, and after floating for thirty hours was washed ashore at Portage, twenty miles from the scene of the disaster. He reports that the *Sunbeam* left Superior City on Thursday. Early the next morning, during a terrible gale, the steamer was struck by a heavy sea, which rolled her over on her side. The small boats were immediately got out, and the passengers and crew were put into them, when the steamer was struck by another heavy sea and commenced breaking up. The wheelman soon afterwards saw the boats filled with passengers and crew leaving the wreck; but it was impossible for the boats to live in such a gale, and they were swamped, and he is certain that all on board were lost. The *Planet* picked up portions of the wreck, which were floating about for two miles around where the vessel went down. The passengers and crew numbered thirty-five.

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 134.—By W. HINCHLIFFE.  
Black.



White.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Game in a match between Messrs. Taylor and Rainger, of Norwich:—

- | Black.               | White.                 |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Mr. I. O. H. Taylor. | Mr. F. G. Rainger.     |
| 1. P to Q 4          | 1. P to Q 4            |
| 2. P to Q B 4        | 2. P to Q B 3          |
| 3. P to K B 3        | 3. P to K 3            |
| 4. P to K 3          | 4. B to Q 3            |
| 5. P to K B 4 (a)    | 5. Kt to K B 3         |
| 6. P to Q B 5        | 6. B to Q B 2          |
| 7. B to Q 3          | 7. P to Q Kt 3 (b)     |
| 8. P to Q Kt 4       | 8. B to Q R 3          |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3       | 9. P takes P           |
| 10. Kt P takes P     | 10. B takes B          |
| 11. Q takes B        | 11. B to Q R 4         |
| 12. K Kt to K 2      | 12. Kt to K 5          |
| 13. Castles          | 13. Kt takes Kt        |
| 14. Kt takes Kt      | 14. B takes Kt         |
| 15. Q takes B        | 15. Kt to Q 2          |
| 16. P to K R 5       | 16. Castles            |
| 17. B to Q Kt 2      | 17. Kt to K B 3        |
| 18. P takes P        | 18. P takes P          |
| 19. K R to K B 4     | 19. Q to Q B 2         |
| 20. Q R to Q square  | 20. Kt to Q 5 (c)      |
| 21. R takes Kt (d)   | 21. P takes R          |
| 22. Q to Q B 2       | 22. Q to K B (e)       |
| 23. P to K R 3       | 23. Q to K B 4         |
| 24. Q to Q B 3       | 24. Q R to Q Kt square |
| 25. K to K R 2       | 25. Q R to Q Kt 2      |
| 26. B to Q R 3       | 26. Q to K 3           |
| 27. Q to Q B 4       | 27. K to K B 3         |
| 28. Q to Q R 6 (f)   | 28. R to K Kt 3        |
| 29. R to K Kt square | 29. Q to K R 6 (ch)    |
| 30. K to R square    | 30. R to K R 3         |
| 31. Q to K 2 (g)     | 31. Q R to K B 2       |
| 32. R to Q Kt square | 32. K to K B 7         |

Black resigns.

- (a) We should have preferred Kt to K 2.  
(b) Made with the object of establishing with safety a Kt at K 5.  
(c) White has now obtained a decided advantage in position; he had, in fact, the best game almost from the commencement of this encounter.  
(d) Black, in making this move, had overlooked his adversary's reply of Q to K B 2.  
(e) Threatening mate in three moves if Black Q takes K P.  
(f) A lost move.  
(g) Better than Q to K B square, in consequence of White's replying with R to K B 2.

[Forwarded by Mr. Rainger.]

T. WILLIAMS.—Your problem has no conditions to it. You must state in what number of moves mate is to be given.

G. FARRER.—Whether Rook and Pawn win against Rook depends entirely upon the position. Two Knights and Bishop win against Rook.

T. A.—Von der Laza in his third edition of the German Handbook, proves conclusively that—with the best play on both sides—the *Mazio Gambit* is a drawn game.

C. B.—In reply to your inquiry, we would recommend you to study the *King's Gambit*, as leading to the most beautiful and intricate combinations. As there are, however, so many modifications of this Gambit—such as the *Allgaier Gambit*, the *KRP Gambit*, the *KB Gambit*, &c., &c.—possibly you might not have sufficient leisure to study them; and we therefore recommend you to give your attention to the *Evans' Gambit*, which is an ingenious and interesting modification of the *Guoco Piano* opening.

**SERIOUS CASE OF ASSAULT.**—At a special session, held at Romsey last week, William Blanchard was charged with assaulting Miss Ellen Jones, the daughter of a tradesman of that town. Miss Jones said: On Monday, the 7th of September, about seven in the evening, I was returning from a walk in the Salisbury-road, between the stile and Mr. Biesley's. I was coming towards Romsey. I first saw the prisoner in the Salisbury-road. I was coming home. He was walking towards Mr. Biesley's. He met me and then followed. I went on and he followed me over the stile into the Green Hill. He said something to me, and followed me to the new stile. He said good evening, when in the Salisbury-road I walked on a head. Just as I got to the new stile, he came up to me. He came forward and put his arm round me, and put his hand on my mouth. I cannot tell what happened. I struggled with him and screamed, and my clothes were torn, and my hat fell off. Some men came to my assistance after I had screamed. My hair was down. Several minutes elapsed before these two men came up in a cart. He used great violence, and did not let me go until the men came along in the cart. One of the men jumped out of the cart, and the prisoner ran away. The witness was cross-examined by the prisoner, but he elicited nothing of importance from her; and she was corroborated in all the main points of her story. The bench, after a short consultation, sentenced the prisoner to four calendar months' imprisonment, with hard labour. He is a very tall, muscular fellow, evidently of great strength, and was formerly in the army, but "drummed out" in consequence of an offence similar to the present.—*Salisbury Journal*.



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
GUILDHALL.

**UNNATURAL CONDUCT OF A SON.**—Edward Windsor, a respectable youth of 18, was placed at the bar before Alderman Beesley, charged with the following violent and unnatural conduct to his parents:—Mrs. Harriet Windsor said:—The prisoner is my son, but his conduct towards me is so violent that I cannot have him to live in the same house with me, so my husband pays 3s. per week for a lodging for him elsewhere. On the present occasion he demanded of me a coat, which his father said he was not to have, and because I would not give it to him he knocked me down, and was going to beat me, when a young man who lodged in the house interfered and prevented him. My son then attacked the young man, and the two had a fight. My son repeatedly ill-used me, and it is not a long time since he was committed for twenty-one days from the court for a most violent assault upon me. I had previously put up with his misconduct until I was almost at death's door. The son: Did you not take a knife from the table and said you would cut my tongue out. I took it from you and threw it across the room. The son: Did you not take up the poker and threaten to break my head with it? The mother: I took up the poker and said I would knock you down if you did not let me go upstairs. The son: Did I not ask you for the coat? The mother: You said you would have my life sooner or later if I did not let you have the coat. Alderman Beesley (to prisoner): What have you to say? Prisoner: I wanted my coat to enable me to go out and look for a situation, and I said to her, "Come, my good woman, let me have it." Alderman Beesley: But that was a very improper mode of addressing your mother. Prisoner: But they are a bad lot—all of them. They are no good to me. Alderman Beesley: You are only making the case worse against yourself. Prisoner: She got this young man to interfere and strike me. He is big enough to eat me, but I think I gave him the worst thrashing he ever had in his life. Alderman Beesley: I have listened to you in the hope of perceiving some signs of contrition for your unnatural conduct towards your mother, and regret that you should appear so indifferent. The father: I hope you will protect us, sir; our lives are not safe from his violence. He says we are bound to keep him until he is twenty-one years of age. Mr. Martin (clerk): You are not obliged to keep him if he is able to earn his own living. Alderman Beesley: You have already been to prison for twenty-one days, and it has not taught you to be better. The sentence of this court is, that you be imprisoned for six weeks in the House of Correction with hard labour. It is a most extraordinary thing in a Christian land to have to call on a son to keep the peace towards his father and mother, but my duty compels me to do so, and you must therefore, at the end of the six weeks, enter into recognizances in £20 to keep the peace for six months. The prisoner, upon whom the sentence produced not the slightest effect, was then removed.

## BOW STREET.

**AN INTRUDER AT THE PALACE.**—A shabbily-dressed young man, who said his name was Thomas Morton, was charged with "being found in the coal-cellar at St. James's Palace, supposed for the purpose of committing a felony." The prisoner, when taken to the station-house, had said that he was a baker, but out of employment, and lodging at 15, New-street, Knightsbridge. Thomas Morton deposed: I am a carpenter and am employed at St. James's Palace. This morning I was at work at my bench, when I happened to turn my head and saw the prisoner going down the steps to the coal-cellar. After consulting with another workman, I directed the latter to watch the stairs while I went down. I found the prisoner stowed away behind a door, where there was about three inches of deal boards placed. I asked him what he wanted. He said he was waiting for plasterer or whitewasher. I asked him what was the person's name, and he said he did not know. I asked him where the man was, and he said, "Round the corner." I said, "You must come with me to find him." The prisoner said, "No, I will stay here till the plasterer comes," and he sat down on my mate's chest. I then went for the workman to whom the prisoner stated that he had been at work at some new buildings in St. James's-street. We took him to the coal-cellar to the foreman of the works. He said the prisoner had not been at work there, and was not known. The prisoner persisted that he had worked there, and had been paid by the mistress. He was then taken back to the Palace, where witness found that his coat, which he had left hanging on a nail when he commenced work that morning, had been taken down folded up ready for removal, and laid upon a chest near the spot where the prisoner was found. William Morris, foreman to the clerk of the works at St. James's Palace, said that when he was fetched by the last witness, he asked the prisoner what he wanted there. The prisoner said he thought there was a closet there. Witness said, "You could not have thought that." He then asked the prisoner where he had been at work, as stated by the last witness. Besides the foreman of the buildings in St. James's-street, several of the workmen saw him, but none of them could identify him. He then said he had been at work at a baker's in Bow-street, and wanted witness to go there with him, which witness declined. Witness then gave him into custody. Mr. Corrie asked the prisoner if he wished to call any witness. The prisoner (silently): No. I have not got any. Mr. Corrie: If I give you time, can you call any one to speak to your character or give any account of you? The prisoner: No one knows anything about me. Mr. Corrie: No one? That is strange. I should have thought some one must have known you. Well, have you anything to say? The prisoner: No. Mr. Corrie: Then I shall commit you for a month. I have no doubt what you were there for.

## CLERKENWELL.

**DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.**—Charles Good, a middle-aged man of fashionable appearance, was charged with being drunk and disorderly. It appeared from the evidence of Police-constable 381 N, that the prisoner was drunk, about half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, at the High-bury Railway Station, and was endeavouring to enter it without paying an omnibus-conductor his fare. As he created a great disturbance, he was taken into custody, and when on the way to the station he threatened to shoot the police-officer with a revolver, which he said he had in his possession. The prisoner denied that he was drunk, and requested that the magistrate would have some patience with him, as he was suffering from disease of the heart. He said that it was not his object to defraud the conductor, and it was an honourable feeling on his part which induced him to insist on speaking to him, as he unexpectedly found he had no money. He further said that if the magistrate would remand the case he would be able to prove that he was quite sober. Three constables spoke as to the prisoner being not only drunk, but riotous when at the police-station. Mr. D. B. B. asked the prisoner what he was. Prisoner: Of that you must draw your own conclusions, sir. I may say that I've had the honour of serving Her Majesty. Magistrate: I shall fine you 5s. The prisoner was locked up in default, and on leaving the court was most eager to impress upon the magistrate that the allegation as to drunkenness was not a fact.

**A SUGARER CHARGED WITH FELONY.**—William John Cummings, a tall man of shabby general appearance, was charged with stealing a book, called "The Alpine Guide," value 7s. 6d., from the book-stall in the King's-cross Station of the Great Northern Railway. Josiah Earlwood, a railway constable, said that about half-past three o'clock on Saturday afternoon he observed the prisoner at the book-stall, and from some suspicious movements of his with reference to the books, he (witness) watched him, and saw him make two unsuccessful attempts to abstract books, and perceiving that he was seen he left, and afterwards returned and took the book in question which he placed in his pocket, and turned to leave the platform. Witness took him into custody after he had proceeded a short distance, when he was much confused and said he had only taken up the book to look at it, and prayed that he (witness) would let him go. No money was found on him. The keeper of the book-stall was called, and confirmed the last portion of the officer's evidence. He further said that prisoner, on a previous occasion, had taken a book from his stall, and being asked by the boy if he meant to purchase it, he said no, and gave it back. The prisoner said he was not in London at the time it was alleged he had done this. The officer further said that the prisoner had given a right address, and when inquiries were made at it, it was found that some clothes and other articles had been missed since he had taken the lodgings. The prisoner asked the magistrate if it would be likely for him to commit such an offence holding the position he did. He was a surgeon, lately in practice at Olney, in Berkshire, and was married, and had a family there. A few days back he came to London, having entered into an engagement to proceed abroad as surgeon of a ship. He assured the court that he merely took the book up with the intention of looking into it, and was going to sit down not two yards from the stand when he was apprehended. He was remanded for a week.

## WORKSHOPS-STREET.

**A COOL THIEF.**—Daniel Smith, a worn-out-looking working man, about thirty years of age, was charged before Mr. Leigh with burglariously breaking and entering a dwelling-house and stealing therefrom. Mr. Albert Quilter, bedding and mattress manufacturer, of 132, Curtain-road, Spoken, deposed: The prisoner has been in my employ, but not lately. On the 29th ultimo, at six o'clock in the morning, I found my premises,

which were properly secured on the preceding night, had been entered, and much property stolen. Subsequently, I received information which induced me to go to the prisoner's lodging in Long-alley, Spoken, where I saw a quantity of wool, four cases, bed-tick, and other articles belonging to me. I therefore gave him into custody, and he was remanded. Elizabeth Tedin, a neighbour of the prisoner, said that on the 29th of August last she was up early, and observed the prisoner before it was quite light go home with a large package. Another man assisted in taking some of the things away shortly afterwards. The prisoner said it was no case of burglary, as there was not a key to the place, and, therefore, any person could get into it. The prosecutor said entrance was effected at one of the windows. Prisoner: Well, I plead guilty to a certain extent. All I took did not exceed the value of a pound, and I didn't commit burglary to get at them, as is sworn against me. Fully committed to Newgate.

**WIFE TOO LATE.**—John Fox, 42, described as a cane preparer, living in James-street, Bethnal-green, was charged before Mr. Leigh with violently assaulting "Leonor (his wife), an offence once more on the increase in this district. The complainant (if such she could be termed, a neatly-dressed but manifestly care-worn woman, who had severe marks of violence on her face, said weekly that on Saturday night her husband came home the worse for liquor, demanded money of her, and on being told that she had none went to a chest of drawers and took out some body linen belonging to her children for the evident purpose of pledging it. She endeavoured to prevent this, upon which he struck her with his hands, but did not hurt her much. She did, however, call for help, and afterwards gave him into custody, because she feared further blows but did not now wish to press the charge. Mr. Safford (cork): What family have you? Witness: Seven, sir. Mr. Safford: Has he struck you before? Witness: Yes, sir, little. A woman in court here exclaimed: A little why he's always at it. Mr. Safford: How did you receive those black eyes? Did your husband do you then? Witness: I don't think they are black, sir. Mr. Safford: Do you not, indeed? Every one else must see that they are. The woman who had before spoken was called as a witness, and stated that hearing cries for assistance from complainant, in whose house she lodged, she hastened to a room where the husband was grossly ill-treating his wife. Mr. Safford: Has he beaten her frequently? Witness: Oh, yes, sir, and is drunk nearly every night. Defendant: I am a hard-working, respectable man, your worship, and very sorry for what has occurred. I ask my wife's pardon; she promised to forgive me, and this will be a good warning to me. I'll be wiser for the future. I never was charged before. Mr. Safford: But you deserved it before. The woman elicited strongly in behalf of her "master," and in consideration of this, and probably her heavy family, he was ordered to be imprisoned for only twenty-one days, with hard labour.

## THAMES.

**THE TERROR OF PUBLICANS.**—Mary Donnelly, alias Catherine Bryan with many other aliases the terror of publicans and policemen, who has been in custody a great many times, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with being drunk, disorderly, and breaking two panes of glass in the window of the Crown and Seven Stars public-house, in Rosemary-lane, Whitechapel. Rosemary-lane was renamed Royal Mint-street, from its contiguity to the Mint, a few years ago, but the character of its inhabitants has not improved, and dissipation and ruffianism reign triumphant there. The prisoner is the leader of a desperate gang of disorderly women, who are almost continually drunk and fighting and creating all manner of disturbances. The prisoner went into the Crown and Seven Stars public-house the previous night and demanded liquor. Mr. John Mann refused to serve her with a yobling. She abused him, and made a great disturbance. A man interfered, and she fought with him. He gave her a good thrashing. (Such were the words uttered by the landlady.) In revenge for this the prisoner made an attempt to break a window. The landlady interfered, and the prisoner struck him several times. He got her away and turned her out of the house. She then picked up two stones and hurled them at his windows. Two panes of glass were broken. Mr. Partridge said it was highly reprehensible for the landlady of a public-house to suffer any living in his house, but it was still more disgraceful to allow such an unattractive thing as a man and a woman to fight. The complainant said he could not prevent it. The prisoner was the greatest nuisance that ever existed. Mr. Partridge: You should refuse to serve her with anything except water. The complainant: I do, sir. She has not spent a penny in my house for twelve months. She comes into my house and creates a disturbance, fights with every one, throws pots at me, and keeps the neighbourhood in a state of tumult. The prisoner, whose face was contorted, and one eye blackened, presented a repulsive appearance, and Fielding's celebrated description of Blear-eyed Moll, in his novel of "Amelia," would answer well for the description of the prisoner. She complained of being knocked about and said the publican beat her, and was always "paying her out." Mr. Mann declared that he never touched the prisoner, and that she was a perfect curse to him. Mr. Partridge had no doubt the prisoner was a very disorderly, violent, and drunken woman, but he could not too strongly deprecate the fight between her and a man in a public-house. He fined her 1s. and 5s. the value of the glass broken. The prisoner doubted her first conviction at the complainant, and exclaimed, "I'll knock the publican's eye out when I come out of prison." Mr. Partridge: You shall be locked up for five minutes, and if you do not withdraw that threat and express sorrow for saying so, I will make you find bail. The prisoner was again arraigned in five minutes. She said she was very sorry, and did not intend to hurt the publican. Mr. Partridge: You had better not.

**A BEGGING-LATENCY INTRUDER.**—John Hurley, alias Swinton, with a great many more aliases, aged 45 and described as a labourer, of Keat-street, Spoken, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with obtaining various sums of money under false pretences. Robert M-Master, a constable in the employ of the East and West India Dock Company, stated that he saw the prisoner enter the docks that afternoon. He knew him to be an ardent impostor and swindler. He watched the prisoner and saw him go on board several ships in the basin. He continued to watch the motions of the prisoner until he was about to leave the dock, when he took him into custody and found upon him a ruled account-book, containing a list of subscriptions, amounting in all to £24 15s., contributed by captains and mates of ships. He also found upon the prisoner a form, partly printed and partly written, which was to the following effect:—"Registered British Consul's Certificate, No. 29, V. R. Port of Havre—I, the undersigned, being Her Britannic Majesty's consul duly appointed at this port for the protection of British subjects, do hereby certify that the bearers hereof, Mr. John Swinton, master mariner; William Croft, mate; James Stewart, Thomas Jones, George Harris, and John Hammond, came before me, and stated that they were master, mate, and seamen belonging to the late brig Guiding Star, run down at sea on the night of the 6th inst. by a steamship, name unknown. The crew consisted of ten seamen, including master and mate, four of whom perished. The above mentioned six persons survived by taking to the brig's boat, where they remained until providentially saved by the crew of the French steamer Jean Marie, who humanely received them on board, and landed them in this port in a truly distressed state, having lost all their worldly effects by the wreck. The said Mr. John Swinton deposed to being the master and part owner of the said brig Guiding Star, his share of loss being valued at £1,000. Given under my hand at the British Consulate Office at Havre, this 10th day of September, 1868. G. W. FEATHERSTONEHAUGH, Consul." M-Master said Mr. Featherstonehaugh was the British consul at Havre. The signature to the document produced was not in that gentleman's handwriting. It was a forgery. There were four captains of ships present who had each given the prisoner 10s. on his representation that he had been run down by a steamship, and the production of the fictitious certificate. The prisoner was a professional begging letter impostor, and had obtained contributions from the nobility and gentry in the western part of London, and from captains and mates at the principal seaports in the United Kingdom. The prisoner was at Hartlepool a few days ago with a similar certificate, and obtained a good deal of money. The Mendicity Society knew the prisoner well. Mr. Partridge: Are the signatures and the amount of subscriptions in this book genuine? M-Master: The whole of them, sir. He has obtained £24 15s. this week in the port of London. He was convicted about two years ago at the Greenwich Police-court for a similar fraud committed in the Commercial Dock, Whitechapel. Another man who had been acting in concert with the prisoner was convicted about this time last year for a precisely similar fraud. Captain Thomas Swinton, the master of the Polo Star, in the West India Dock, said the prisoner called upon him on board, and said his ship was run down off Flamborough Head. At the same time the prisoner handed to him a petition, and congratulated him upon being a namesake. He gave the prisoner 10s., and put his name down in a book. The prisoner said the steamship that run down his vessel never stopped, and that he had lost everything. The prisoner, on being called upon for his defence, very coolly said he knew he had done wrong. He would admit everything. He was a labourer. He had been a seafaring man once. Mr. Partridge said the prisoner was a most impudent impostor, and had been obtaining considerable sums of money from benevolent and credulous persons. He was astonished at the great success of the prisoner's impostures. He committed the prisoner as a rogue and vagabond to the House of Correction for three months, there to be kept to hard labour.

**CONVICTION OF A FORTUNE TELLER.**—Elizabeth Woodfield, a thin, sharp-visaged old woman, a fortune-teller, who has done great mischief in her time, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with committing a wanton assault on a young married woman named Caroline Quetch. The prisoner is well known at this court. She has been repeatedly convicted for felony, for assaults of a ferocious description on females, and also

for telling fortunes; and by attending day after day in the court, and picking up the information, stories, and scandal detailed in the hearing of assault and peace warrant summonses has managed to make use of the same to extort money. She has fomented a great many quarrels, and caused unhappiness in many families by accusing women of adultery to their husbands, and accusing husbands of adultery to their wives. She trumped up a false charge against a respectable woman soon after Mr. Partridge's appointment to this court a few weeks since, and told such a plausible tale that the magistrate would have convicted the defendant if the gaoler (Roche) and another person had not exposed the real character of "Mother Woodfield," and declared she was unworthy of belief on her oath. The fortune-teller then assailed the poor woman (who was in the family way) and used blasphemous curses. The present case was a bad one. The woman Quetch, the wife of a painter and glazier, and another female, went to the dwelling of the defendant to have their fortune told a few days ago, and the prisoner dealt out the cards, drew their horoscopes, consulted the pauts (dirty pieces of paper with hieroglyphics painted on them) and told them a lot of nonsense which none but silly and imperfectly educated women would listen to. She obtained some money from each. She also persuaded Mrs. Quetch to leave a basket containing some embroidery work in her care. The poor woman could obtain neither her basket nor embroidery again. She called repeatedly at the old sabbath abode in Devonport-street, Commercial-road East, and was with foul abuse and threats. The old wretch also cursed her, and endeavoured to terrify her. At last complainant met Mrs. Woodfield coming out of a doctor's shop, put her hand upon her, and said, "I won't let you go till I have my basket and embroidery work." The prisoner immediately attacked her with great fury, scratched her arms and neck, and kicked her about the legs, thighs, and body. Mrs. Quetch was fearfully bruised. She is far advanced in pregnancy, and it is feared she has received very severe injuries. Witnesses confirmed the statement of Mrs. Quetch. The prisoner denied all that was alleged against her, and called several witnesses, who were not present when the affray took place. Mr. Partridge was astonished that persons would be so foolish as to go to fortune-tellers. The prisoner was a vile impostor and a most wicked and savage woman. The horrible language and threats she used to a respectable young woman, silly enough to consult a fortune-teller, were really terrible. The prisoner had committed a savage assault on an unoffending young woman, and he sentenced her to be imprisoned for two months and to be kept to hard labour.

**THE THIEF AND RECEIVER.**—CONVICTION OF A MARINE STORE DEALER.—Arthur Gates, a labourer, and James Lyons, a marine-store dealer, were brought before Mr. Partridge, the former charged with stealing a bag containing rags, the property of his employer, and the other with feloniously receiving the property, well knowing it to be stolen. Mr. Stoddart, solicitor, defended Lyons. Mr. John Taylor, rag merchant of No. 37, Green-street, Spoken, stated that on Saturday, the 12th inst., about mid-day, he sent his man Gates with forty-one bags of rags to the South Eastern Railway. He subsequently ascertained one bag of rags had been stolen. It had not been recovered. On Saturday morning last he asked Gates what he had done with the missing bag of rags. After some hesitation, the prisoner said he had lost the bag. He then said to him, "How came you to take a pass from the South-Eastern Railway Company to go out at the gates with the bag? They let you out with a portion of the load you ought to have delivered there." The prisoner said nothing to that. He then touched the feelings of the prisoner, and asked him what he had done with the bag of rags? Gates replied, "I have sold it. I will take you to the man who bought it." He proceeded with Police-constable Dunaway, a detective officer, No. 129 ft, to the house of the prisoner Lyons, in North-street, Buty-street, Commercial-road. He asked Lyons if he had bought any rags of Gates? Lyons said he had bought nothing of the kind. On the way to the station-house Lyons told Dunaway that he had purchased a sack full of rags such as those described. He asked Lyons to show him the rags, and he said, "No I can't do that. I have sold rags like that since last Saturday." Lyons then offered to pay him for the rags. He refused to accede to those terms. After Lyons was locked up he went with Dunaway to his premises in North-street, and searched the place. The rags could not be found. The value of the bag of rags was £1 13s. Gates said that Lyons gave him 17s. for the rags, only a little more than half the value. Peter William Dunaway, an intelligent detective officer, confirmed all the material parts of Mr. Taylor's evidence, and produced a book of entries, and said there was no entry in that book of the purchase of rags. Lyons admitted to him that he gave the prisoner Gates 17s. for the rags, and that he had made no entry of the purchase in his book. In answer to Mr. Stoddart, the officer said he had known Lyons five years, and believed he had never been in trouble before. He never heard any complaint against Lyons. Gates, on being called on for his defence, said "I plead guilty." Mr. Stoddart admitted that his client had innocently purchased the rags of Gates, and hoped the magistrate would take into consideration the fact that Lyons had a large family to maintain, and had been in business five years without a complaint being made against him. Mr. Partridge said this was a bad case, a robbery of an employer by his servant. He sentenced Gates to two months' imprisonment and hard labour. He advised Lyons to be more careful in future, and fined him £3. The penalty was instantly paid.

**DETERMINED TO BE GOOD IS FORTUNE.**—An Service, a dissipated woman, about 40 years of age, who has been in custody several times for petty pilfering, was brought before Mr. Partridge charged with stealing. There were two charges against the prisoner. The first was preferred by Mr. Henry Hay, of the Bell public-house, in Dean-street, Commercial-road East, who, like many others in the trade has been a great sufferer by the depredations of pot-stealers. On Saturday night, in consequence of information from his barmaid, he followed the prisoner when she left his house after a short visit, and found one of his pint pots upon her. Its value was 1s. 4d. She had been in his house before. Pots had been lost directly after her visits, which he had no wish should be repeated. Edward Dillion, an active police-sergeant, 19 K, searched the prisoner's lodgings, No. 33, Devonshire-street, Commercial-road East, and found there another pot belonging to Mr. Mark Richards, the landlady of the Star, Duke-street St. George's-in-the-East. Mr. Richards said the prisoner called upon him on Saturday, and delivered into his care 2s. in silver, and six pennies worth of halfpence and said, "Be so kind as to take care of this, as it is my sister have been quarrelling." He thought the request a strange one, and suspected something wrong. He believed the prisoner had stolen pots in his house on many occasions. The prisoner said she was drinking in the house of Mr. Richards all day on Saturday, and got drunk there. Mr. Richards said it was no such thing. The prisoner was in his house only a few minutes, and was sober when she left. A police-constable said the prisoner was quite sober when he took her into custody. Mr. Partridge sentenced her to two months' imprisonment and hard labour. The prisoner, after a round oath or two, said, "I'll tell you what I mean to do when I come out of prison; I am determined to be good. Mr. Partridge: I am glad to hear it. The prisoner: Yes; and I'll lay out money and put things on my back. I won't come to you blackguard publicans any more. (A laugh) Yes, you may laugh; you will never see me in your houses any more, you villains. (Laughter) Mr. Hay and Mr. Richards were very glad to hear that the prisoner did not intend to visit them again, they had lost quite enough by her.

## LAMBETH.

**EXTRAORDINARY DOG CASE.**—JOHNNY'S WEDDING-DAY.—Mrs. Smith, a respectable-looking woman, the wife of a tradesman in the Kent-road, appeared before Mr. Elliott to answer a summons charging her with unlawfully detaining a dog, alleged to be the property of Miss Ann Giddings, a maiden lady, residing in her house. When the case was called on, Miss Giddings, a fashionably-dressed lady, on the wrong side of fifty, entered the court, carrying in her arms a large-sized French poodle dog, as white as soap and water could make him, his neck decorated with a profusion of light blue ribbons, and a large bunch of orange blossom, and prepared, as Miss Giddings told the officers of the court to claim his bride in legal form. The appearance of both witness and dog in the witness-box produced much laughter. When sworn, Miss Giddings said: Sir, on Monday week, while walking along the Old Kent-road, accompanied by my dog, here Johnny, I met two gentlemen and one of them said, "What a beautiful dog. How nice and clean you keep him. Should you like a little companion for him?" I said, "You are very kind, sir; indeed, I should," and he said he should send one to my lodgings on the following day. The gentlemen then went away, but forgetting to ask them the dog's name, I followed them and did so, and the gentleman said it was "Little Fanny," and I then said, "Oh, dear, how nice Johnny and his Little Fanny." (Loud laughter) The dog was sent to me, but Mrs. Smith, my landlady, refuses to let me have it, stating that it had been given to her little boy. Mrs. Smith acknowledged that the dog had been brought to her house for Miss Giddings, but as that lady had not been in on the third time the messenger called, she gave the dog to her little boy. She could not see her, produce the dog, because it had pupped but a few days. Mr. Elliott told her she had no pretext for detaining the dog, and she must give it up and pay the expense of the summons. Mrs. Smith: There is one thing which I should like to ask you before I leave. Miss Giddings has stated it to be her intention to celebrate her Johnny's wedding-day by a regular festival which she has prepared, and which she intends keeping at my house, and I want to know how I am to be protected. (Renewed laughter) Mr. Elliott: There has been enough of this nonsense. The police will protect you. Miss Giddings here led her favourite poodle out of court in triumph, saying, as she went along, that he had gained a legal victory.



### M. DE PERSIGNY CREATED A DUKE.

THE following decree has appeared in the *Moniteur*:—"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French, to all persons, present and future, greeting: Wishing to give to Count Persigny, member of our privy council, senator, &c., a testimony of our recognition for the services he has rendered to the State, and for his devotion to our person, we have resolved to confer upon him, and we do confer upon him, by these presents, the title of Duke de Persigny. This title shall be transmissible in direct line from male to male, and according to the order of primogeniture. Given at the palace of the Tuilleries, 9th Sept. 1863."

"NAPOLEON."

The duke, who it will be remembered was at one period the representative of France at the English Court, was born in France about the year 1808, so that he is much about the same age as the Emperor, whose devoted partisan he has been for many years. He shared in England the exile of Louis Napoleon after the escape of the latter from the fortress of Ham, and has accompanied him through all the later vicissitudes of his life.

On the restoration of the republic, in 1848 he accompanied Louis Napoleon to Paris, and on the establishment of the empire, he was the strongest advocate for the cultivation of the English alliance which he supported with all his influence at the Tuilleries, whilst Count Walewski and M. Droun de L'Huy, were successively ambassadors at the Court of St. James's.

For a short time after the establishment of the empire, Count Persigny held the post of Minister of the interior; and, upon laying down that office in 1856 was sent to the English Court as the successor of Count Walewski.

On Lord Derby's accession to office, he felt that the abandonment of the conspiracy Bill by the Conservative Cabinet might tend to complicate matters between the two countries, and he decided on retiring from his responsible position.

The duke was created a count since the establishment of the empire. He married, many years since, Mademoiselle de la Moskowa, daughter of Marshal Ney, who was created Prince of Moscow by the first Napoleon.



THE DUKE DE PERSIGNY.

### THE ANNAMITE (COCHIN CHINESE) AMBASSADORS.

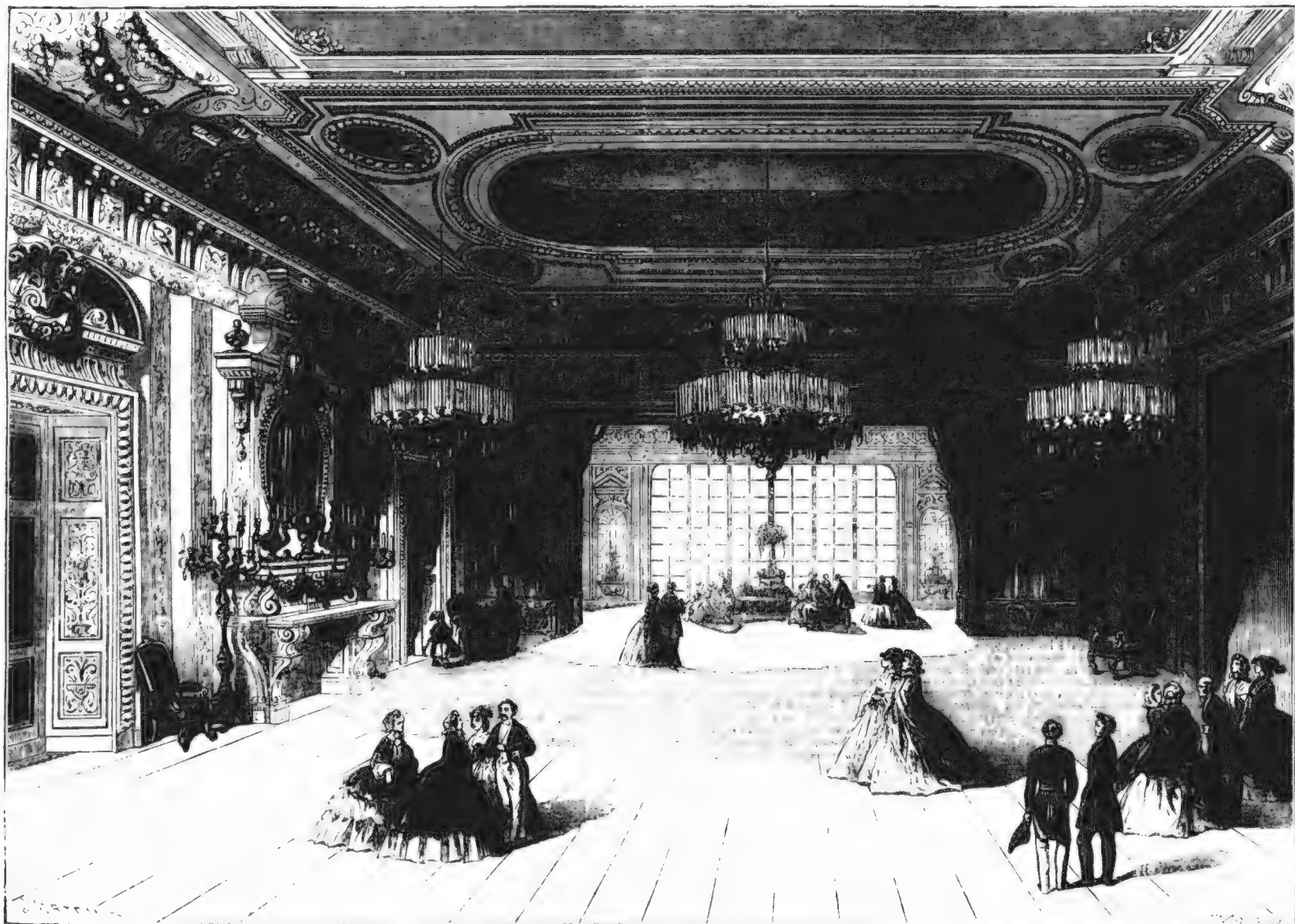
THE *Moniteur* gives some interesting particulars respecting the Annamite ambassadors, and particularly describes their stay at Toulon:—"The Annamites, who are the people of the extreme East, most advanced in naval constructions, examined with much interest all that was shown to them. Our immense supply of cannon of all sizes, and particularly the armory, excited their astonishment. Although it is in general very difficult to detect any expression of feeling in the countenance of the natives of the East, yet the novelty of such a spectacle more than once was seen to strike them with amazement. The numerous sailors composing the crews of the line-of-battle ships, all in full dress, made a deep impression on the first ambassador, and it was on this subject that he asked the greater number of questions. The first vessel visited by the ambassadors in the roadstead was the imperial yacht the *Aigle*.

They were evidently deeply impressed by the honour done them, and several times expressed their gratitude towards the Emperor of the French. They would not allow the mandarins of their suite to go below, and themselves abstained, with much delicacy, from entering the private cabins of their Majesties. The ambassadors, during their journey from Marseilles to Paris, constantly took notes of all they saw, and what particularly struck them was the highly cultivated appearance of the country. So long a panorama of variously cultivated ground excited their admiration."

The *Patrie* adds some further details of the manners and customs of these "distinguished strangers." It says:—"Before describing the impression produced upon these Asiatics by the aspect of our civilization, we may mention that the spectators who beheld them on their arrival were not overwhelmed with admiration at their personal appearance, which is of a character inferior to that of the late Japanese ambassadors, or the more than simple attire of their numerous attendants. These representatives of the yellow race

him that the wearing of shoes form no part of the ceremonial in France, and that the pavement was dangerous to the health, but he only gave way on the condition that a difference should be observed in the making of the shoes, and that those of the inferiors should be less handsome than the others. Among the persons composing their suite is a young man, a native of Cochin-China, of very agreeable countenance, and the only one among these Asiatics possessing the slightest pretensions to good manners. He speaks four languages, and is peculiarly fluent in French and Latin. The Annamites are not yet quite accustomed to European habits. It was remarked that during their stay in the hotel at Marseilles, they did not once open their beds, but contented themselves with lying only partly undressed outside the sheets. On leaving the hotel a sum of money was left as a present for the attendants who had served them during their stay, among which were several new silver coins bearing the effigy of Tu-Duc, the Cochin-Chinese Sovereign.

have been immensely flattered by the illustrated journals which have published their portraits. They are generally small and thin, with long black hair, which they do not shave off like the Chinese. Their eyes and teeth are also black. For the latter they use a dye, partly composed of copperas, which produces that appearance. By them it is considered a mark of beauty, and to heighten it they chew continually betel nuts, and rub their teeth several times a day with tobacco. The three ambassadors wear silk dresses, ornamented with gold threads, and carry almost perpetually in their hands an ivory stick, which is an insignia of their rank. The stick in fact, plays a great part in the customs of the country. With a bamboo rod the officers and persons of their suite make their inferiors understand what they mean. Contrary to the Japanese, who were remarkable for the profusion of jewellery which they wore, the Annamites wear only a few rings. The clothes of the inferiors consist of simple robes, of very thin material. On arriving in France they did not even abandon their national usage of going barefooted, the mandarins alone wearing silk stockings and Chinese shoes, the upper part of which are of stout cloth; the soles are nearly two inches thick. Their stockings are embroidered with curious fantastical figures. Black, which is considered an aristocratic, and at the same time a national, colour in Cochin-China predominates in their costume. The cotton handkerchiefs with which the inferiors cover their heads, are of this colour. The head-dress worn by the chiefs is of a more pretentious character. It is a sort of double cardboard hat covered with black silk, and garnished with figures and gold rosettes. These natives, accustomed to a temperature of more than 100 degrees Fahrenheit, shivered with the cold on their arrival in Paris, having nothing on beyond their thin robes, fastened round the waist with a cord. The officers charged to accompany them immediately proposed to provide them with a dress more suitable to the climate of the French capital, but there were certain difficulties to be overcome. In Cochin-China shoes (as before stated) are an article of luxury and a mark of distinction. The ambassador was perfectly willing that warm clothing should be provided for his soldiers and servants, but on the subject of shoes he was inflexible. It was explained to



THE GRAND SALOON, BADEN-BADEN. (See page 227.)





SWEETHEART NAN'S SECRET.

## Literature

## SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## FACE TO FACE.

THE day wore on you have seen break on the moor high up in England, and in the hollow of which Squire Lemmings and his daughter have hidden their shame from the world. It is about mid-day when Lemmings, in a spade in hand, and a certain weariness on his face. But this weariness does not destroy a greater will which appears engraved in every line of his countenance.

As you look at him he appears alone in the world, yet he seems to be a man stranded on the beach of the stream of life, and who, while unable to comprehend his position, is determined to fight against it.

He comes back from the direction he took when quitting the moor-house. Knowing the corner of the barns he goes a few steps towards the porch of the house proper; there he hesitates, turns his step, and laying a fresh line of foot-marks on the soft ground, he turns round the second out-building, and raps with his knuckles at the door.

The next moment there was a click on the lock, made by Dorton's man smacking his iron hook upon the handle of the door, and the following second the mariner remarked, "Fine morning, mate. The captain's in his physic bunk."

At the same time he pointed to the door to the right. At this point Lemmings repeated the humble knock he had given at the outer door, and which would not have been heard by the mariner had he not been keeping watch on what he was pleased to call the "starboard."

Lemmings knocked very humbly. You see, when the pride of an honest man is knocked down, it has an equally honest habit of creeping. It is only your rascal, who, having the shine taken out of him, polishes himself up the very next instant.

Lemmings repeated the knock before Dorton heard him, and then the Doctor came himself to the door.

"Why didn't you come in without knocking, Catterick?" Yes; this was Lemmings's name now. He had hidden himself from the world in the vast midst of a wide moor, and he concealed even his name from Dorton's man and the people with whom he and his daughter were resting. Nay, he had especially chosen this place in preference to all others, because both the moor farmer and his wife were deaf. They could not, therefore, mark even what was said.

"I did not like to come in without knocking, lad. How's Nan?" "Much better, Squire. Don't start; I've shut the door. Nan is quite out of danger."

"Oh!" replied Lemmings, his face lighting up. "When may I see—"

Then he broke off, and after searching for a moment or two, as though for some other subject of remark, he said, "You had visitors this morn', Mr. Dorton?"

"Yes." "I saw a post-chaise come and go. I knew it must be visitors for thee, as I can have no visitors. I was afraid at first it was for I, Dr. Dorton."

"I wish, Squire, you would say Gilbert."

"Nay, Mr. Dorton, there's a long way between you and me now, and I've no right to say—Gilbert,—you know that, Gil—I mean Dr. Dorton. So, my girl is out of danger, is she? Don't think I'm hard-hearted, Mr. Dorton, if I can't show that I'm grateful for what you've done for us. I am very grateful. But I'm thinking it would have been good for her to die, poor thing!—to die, poor thing!"

"God forbid, Squire! When will you see her?" Lemmings looked up, scared-like; and then he said hurriedly, "Thee did not tell me who was thy visitor, Mr. Dorton; but perhaps it's secret."

"No, Squire. It was my brother."

"Ha! He did not stop."

"No. I told him I thought his being here would pain both you and—and your daughter, sir. And, thereupon, he went."

"You shouldn't be so considerate-like, Mr. Dorton, for the likes of us."

A pained look passed over the Doctor's face as Lemmings spoke these words. Apparently he could find no answer to them.

The little room became silent for some moments; meanwhile the mariner stumped on his watch on the starboard side of the cottage. It was Lemmings who spoke first.

"Sir Edgar Pomeroy, Bart., did not care to stop and take me by the hand, I suppose, Doctor?"

"Indeed, Squire," Dorton returned, "he much wished to remain. But that, I suppose—thou would have caused you both pain. By this time he is half-way towards London, I hope."

"Hope!" said Lemmings, in a dreary voice, and catching at that glorious word, as though it clashed terribly with his thoughts—"hope!"

Then there was another pause, which Dorton broke by saying.

"When will you see your daughter, Squire?"

"Is the time come to see her?" he asked, looking haggardly at Dorton.

"I repeat, Squire, your daughter is quite out of present danger."

"You've been very good to us, Gilbert," Lemmings continued, nervously, and still evading the question the Doctor had put.

"I've done very little—not worth talking about. If I were you, Squire—"

"God forbid, lad, that thee should ever be as me!" he said hurriedly.

"I would see my daughter at once."

"Daughter—daughter—thee keep saying daughter! Why can't thee say Nan?"

"If I were you," Dorton said quietly, his voice being almost beautiful in contrast with Lemmings's fretfulness,— "if I were you I would see Nan to-day."

His face blanched, as he said, "Be she much changed?"

"Yes—much changed, Squire."

"Shall—shall I know her, lad?"

"Yes, you will know her! If I were you, I would see her in this hour. It will be better for both of you."

"Take me to her, lad," said Lemmings, holding out both his hands to the young Doctor. "And thee must forgive me calling thee lad—it's so natural-like, and thee's been so good, thou art almost like a son to me. Come, take me to Sweetheart Nan, and the good God pity her and me a little!"

It would have been hard to say which man was the paler as they left the side cottage, the gangway being cleared for them by the watchful mariner.

As they approached the porch of the small farm-house proper, the deaf woman of the house opened the door, and showed them into a miniature parlour. In common with the habit of deaf people, she then began to speak wanderingly, and more to herself than to those present.

"Doctor, she be up to-day, and strong-like, and all very strange, and I cannot make them out. Doctor, did ye hear me say Mrs. Catterick was strong-like to-day? Her's up. What?—will I ask her to come to ye? Yes, her can move about now."

So saying, and talking as she went, she left the room. Stalking over the tiny hall, and up the plain deal, steep staircase, her voice gradually lapsed, and there the two men sat, without speaking, every now and then glancing doubtfully at each other.

It was Dorton who broke the silence.

"You will be kind to her, Squire?"

"Why, dost think, lad, I could be unkind to my own daughter? I'll kiss lass when she comes in; then she won't be afraid of me."

"That's right."

"Do her harm! 'Tis for her sake I'm living as I am, lad. She does not know I've been near her all through her trouble; nor that I've oft seen her when she has not seen me. Thee frightened me, lad, when thee told me the sight of her father might kill Sweetheart Nan. If thee had not told me that, perchances are I should have seen Nan before now."

This was true. Sweetheart Nan had lived for some weeks in the front of the house, and Lemmings had never approached that part of the premises.

He had gladdened his eyes by the sight of his daughter several times, by peering from afar into the room; and this was all he had seen of her for many weeks.

Suddenly, a light step—which had been lighter—nears the door which is partly opened from without, and then it remains stationary.

"She's afraid to come to you—go to her, Squire."

"Thee art quite sure there's no danger, Gilbert?"

"Quite. She knew she was to see you to-day."

"I'll go," he said.

Then getting up, a very poor and weak old man, he moved towards the door.

The poor child heard him coming, and weakly tried to meet him, but she was still very ailing, and had no further power to move.

It was her father. She opened the door to its widest, and so drew away the obstacle that stood between them.

"Father!" she said, putting her thin hands wretchedly together.

"Come and kiss me, lass," he said.

"Kiss you?" Nan replied, wonderingly.

"Why not, Sweetheart Nan?"

As suddenly as she had the power, she flung herself upon his neck, and kissed him passionately.

The act gave her the power to weep; but as the father heard the poor girl's very first sob he said, lowly, "Don't cry, lass; the woman of the house is looking at us."

Sweetheart Nan has since confessed that the words cut as sharply as a sabre. For a moment she felt that he had embraced her—not because he loved her still, but because he desired to appear to love her in the presence of the woman of the house. Nan knows better now. She is aware that when her father kissed her he did so with unalterable love. Whatever happened, he always loved her.

Lemmings, now barely able to uphold himself, helped his daughter into the room, and placed her carefully in a chair.

"Good morning, Doctor!" she had by this time said. "You did not come up to see me, as usual, this morning."

"You have done with doctors, Anne, now, you are quite able to get on without my help," said Dorton, gaily. Then, he added, "I may as well leave you people to yourselves. I remember the old proverb about two being company, and three no society at all."

"Don't go, lad," said Lemmings.

The daughter said naught, but Dorton has since said he saw the entreaty to remain in Nan's earnest looks.

But he knew the sooner the father and daughter understood each other the better for both; so with a light behaviour upon him, but with a heavy, very heavy heart, he left Sweetheart Nan and her father to their interview.

What took place at that, their first meeting, under the irretrievably altered circumstances of their lives, cannot well be set out here, for neither Lemmings nor his daughter ever cared to refer to it. Possibly very little was said, though much, perhaps, was intimated.

The history of that day must now be carried about half-an-hour farther on.

Dorton, being quite unable to go to those peaceful scientific pursuits which grew out of his profession, and which he loved immeasurably, turned to the free, open heath as the only place fitted to his then state of mind.

Drifting so ward, he took no heed where, for the Moor House was quite a landmark and could not be missed, he had continued this purposeless walk for some twenty minutes, when his attention was attracted by the noise of quick wheels upon the moor road. Looking up, he saw a post-chaise approaching the Moor House. Naturally supposing that his brother was returning—for two post-chaises on that desolate heath on the same day was an unusual experience—and being in that condition when any kind of action is gladly grasped as a relief from one's mental condition, he walked quickly towards the road, intending to meet the vehicle as it passed him on its road to the farm.

But he had either miscalculated his distance, or was unable to make his way with sufficient speed over the uneven ground and thick heathery brushwood.

Before he could reach the road the carriage had passed out of sight behind the clump of fir-trees to which reference has already been made.

He continued on, and in a few minutes reached the house. The chaise was empty, but an inquiry made of the post-boy only tended to increase his state of suspense. The driver's answer was to the effect that he had not "druv" a gentleman, but a lady.

As the boy replied, Lemmings appeared at the angle of the house



and warned Dorton, by the very expression of his countenance, that he wanted to speak to him.

The naval surgeon went up to the poor Squire immediately, when this latter, grasping Dorton by the hand, said, in a low, quick voice, "Thou seest we are found out."

"What do you mean, Squire?"

Lemmings pointed to the post-chaise. "It brought Ellen Villiers—how did she know we were here?"

"I cannot tell, Squire. I am at a loss to imagine how."

"'Tis no matter. Here she be, and it proves the world knows where we are hid. We must go back into the world and put a good face on it."

"What do you mean, Squire?" said Dorton.

"I mean we must go back to Oaklands, and defy the world."

"But do you not see difficulties in the way of your daughter being taken back to Oaklands?"

"No, not any. An' if there was a difficulty I would sweep it out of my path. Nan shall take her old place at Oaklands once more. I will not give a soul the chance to breathe a word against her name or mine."

"Is Miss Villiers now with Nan?"

"Yes. I would like to know how she found us out?"

"She will not rashly place any confidence in Ellen Villiers, will she, Squire?"

For a moment Lemmings looked unspeakably cruel and threatening. Then, testing his passion down, he replied, "No. I bade her hold her peace, and she will."

"But Miss Villiers cannot possibly remain in the house a single day without becoming possessed of your secret?"

"She will not learn our shame, Gilbert."

"But how is knowledge on her part of what has happened to be avoided?"

"By not having her in the house, Gilbert."

"Have you told the young lady so?"

"No, but I've bidden Nan tell Ellen she must not remain. 'T' chaise is still at the door, and she will go when it goes."

"But they are such old friends—it would be cruel to part them, Squire."

"And are not thee and thy brother old friends? and did thee not send him away from the place?"

Dorton made no answer. He saw that the Squire would not listen to any argument whatever.

"I say she shall go, though how she found her way here I know not. I say go she shall, and Nan and I will turn back to Oaklands, and hold up our heads once more. Why do thee shake thine, lad?"

"Did I, Squire? I was not aware I did so."

"Is my Nan fit to travel?"

"Ye—s, but I should prefer that she remained where she is for another week."

"'T' would do Nan harm to travel, would it?"

"No, I can't say that it would."

"Very well," said Squire Lemmings, firmly, "then the day after to-morrow sees us back at Oaklands."

"But how do you purpose to treat Nan, Squire?"

"As before, lad."

"But that is simply impossible."

"I say exactly as before, lad."

"Then how do you purpose acting?"

"Thee shall see, Gilbert."

This was the way in which Lemmings acted.

He went to a stable, and he himself saddled a heavy old horse, and mounting him, he left the farm, striking the animal with an amount of cruelty such as Dorton had never before seen him guilty of.

What was he about to do? Dorton thought.

The nearest dwelling was about five miles away; and it was in the direction of this place that the Squire turned his horse's head.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE father and daughter had not been together more than half an hour when Ellen Villiers arrived, as our readers already know, by the perusal of the last chapter.

It is uncalled for here to go into particulars of the effect upon father and daughter upon the announcement of the visitor by the mariner, who, it appears, was the only person at the moment available.

Suffice it to say, that both father and daughter rivalled each other in the pallor of their features. His first words were to the effect that the visitor must learn nothing, and that she must leave the farm-house within the hour.

Then he met Ellen with the mere semblance of his old hearty manner, and saying he would leave old friends ("Though not very old," he added with a dim attempt at gaiety) to talk by themselves, he quitted the room to act as it has already been detailed.

The moment the door was closed, the instant the two women were alone, they threw off the masks they had worn before the Squire.

That they embraced once more need not be said. But a word or so of description is called for by the distinctiveness of that embrace. Have you, reader, ever witnessed two high-class women embrace, when one of them, if not both, is in deep trouble? If so, you have marked that oscillating movement which, though perhaps ludicrous to speak of in print, is most touching when witnessed.

So Ellen and Annie embraced, as they sat side by side on the poor little drab-covered sofa in the parlour of the moor farm-house.

For a few moments they could only mutually utter words of comfort and consolation. In print they would read absurd. I will not, then, print them; let me rather come to the action of the conversation of these two ladies.

"I got your letter yesterday, Annie," Ellen said; "and I came on at once."

"You are married, I suppose, by this time, Ellen?"

"No, my dear, one stoppage or another has completely hindered it. Lord Penton has had to return to Scotland. I believe there is to be a law-suit of some kind."

"But how should that interfere with your marriage?"

"I don't know that it does, darling. I believe, however, they have something to do with one another. But do not talk of my affairs. Tell me, Annie, why did you leave Oaklands? Why are you in this wretched out-of-the-way place? And why did you not write to me till you sent me that terrible letter upon the receipt of which I hurried down here? And let me look at you—for coming into this dark room from the outside light, I have not yet been able to see you. Let me pull up the blind."

This she did; and, as the light fell upon Sweetheart Nan's face, she cried out in affright, "Nan, you have been ill—you are ill now!"

"Yes, Ellen. I have been, and am ill!"

"But what does it all mean, Nan?"

"We had to hide ourselves, Ellen."

"You to hide yourselves!"

"Yes, Ellen; we had to hide ourselves and our misery. My father will not leave us alone together for long, and he has quite forbidden me to speak to you; but I choose the less evil of two, and do speak. Ellen, if ever you were my friend, you must be so now!"

"I never felt a deeper wish to be your friend, dear Annie."

"You remember that on that last day at Oaklands I left suddenly with Mrs. Helps?"

"And came back as suddenly in the night-time, Annie."

"And then my father and I fled—yes, that is truly the word!"

"You left Oaklands without explanation, or even a word to me."

"I was too paralyzed to speak, Ellen. On that day, my life was nearly struck from me. I went to London with the housekeeper, left her at the station, and drove to a physician, who, at some past time, had accidentally been named to me, I know not by whom. I knew there was something wrong about me—what, I had not the slightest idea. I was quickly told—I was very quickly told. Ellen Villiers! I have a little child!"

Ellen Villiers had spoken most truly when she said that at no moment had she ever been the dearer friend of Annie Lemmings than at that time. Yet she fell back from her for a few moments. It is horrible, ghastly, in one instant to comprehend an immeasurable change, in the state, the life of a being we love! Imagine the mutation! One moment you look upon any given woman as pure, beautiful, and worthy of reverence; she herself speaks, and, in a moment, you learn that she is impure, her beauty fallen, and she worthy only of pity!

No wonder Ellen for a moment fell back from Sweetheart Nan. But for a moment—but the space of time was long enough in which to tell of the inevitable catastrophe of Nan's fall.

"When we left Oaklands," Nan continued, in a fallen voice, "I had been condemned by Gilbert Dorton, and before my father I had condemned myself!"

"Why did you return home, Annie?"

"Because I was no guilty woman," Nan replied.

Ellen answered by silence alone.

"Where there is no fault, Ellen Villiers, there can be no blame. I declare, though there is that poor little child up-stairs to give me the direct contradiction, I am an honest woman."

"Oh, Nan!" said Ellen, "my heart does not accuse you, but my reason—"

"Does accuse me. And as I am an honest wretch, my own reason accuses me—but falsely. As I am a woman—it accuses me falsely. You cannot comprehend all this—nor can I. But you do not ask me why I have sent for you?"

"To offer you a home, dear Annie, is it not?"

"No; I love my father," replied Nan. "I will not leave him till he bids me go, and he loves me still too dearly to part with me. But I would save him from himself!"

"What do you mean, Annie?" Ellen asked, shrinking.

"I mean that my fall has maddened him—and more in pity for me than himself. I fear he might perhaps injure the poor little thing, who, at all events, has committed no harm. I will not leave him, Ellen; he has watched over me so many years, it would be hard indeed if I could not give up what remains of my life to watch over him. So, Ellen, I thereby gain strength to part with the little one. Take her away—I know my words are unnatural, but I say, take her away. Place her at the Foundling Hospital. Ellen, my words may seem as though they properly belonged to some mad story, but I speak the horrible truth. I sometimes fancy I am not in my right senses. I am so bewildered at intervals, I doubt my existence—the very world in which I breathe seems false; and at times I wake and fancy I am once more enduring the horrors of the first night I passed at Oaklands."

[And here the narrator of this history would break off to justify himself in printing it. If it be urged that the great motive point of this work carries it out of the ordinary pale of fiction literature—and I retort that in this world intention is everything—I have a good intention in writing this work, or it never would have been penned, for in continuing and completing it I know I shall confer pain upon several I fear to wound. That intention stands thus:—Some daughters may have been condemned by parents most unjustly. My object is to show, by an example, how a woman, who may appear indisputable to have sinned in the one unpardonable way, may have been infinitely sinned against, and have sinned herself (in that one direction) not at all. I grant you reader, that the leading idea of this work is *rash*; but I have been emboldened to put in print a tale that may be true for aught you know, by the examples set by two very great writers of the day. We live in a time when deep psychological questions are treated as the basis of entertaining narratives. A thought is taken and worked out in a tale; and if it is a noble thought, it is noble to work it out in a fiction shape, for the simple reason that fiction literature, being the most popular, and the popular voice being the only one heard in the nation, this literature must be the most powerful. We have two very good examples of this working out of deeply thought over questions in a book of each of two great writers. In one, pity for a woman is inspired, who, having an illegitimate child, is forced to disown it after discovering it." In the other, a vigorous protest is made against the cruelty of the English law, which does not give legitimacy to a child born out of wedlock, though the parents should marry after, even immediately after, the birth. To these rather delicate matters for the English literary market, I add a third questionable subject: the possibility of a woman being pure at heart, while there is too evident proof of her physical fall. I let this matter rest on its own acknowledged basis—that an unhappy girl may fall, and be totally unaware of that catastrophe.]

And here it will be necessary to hurry over the more questionable portion of the narrative, and arrive at its more permissible details.

I will not even give in Annie Lemmings's own words the statement she made in reference to the night of her arrival at Oaklands.

It was a subject which made Ellen Villiers herself flinch, yet one to which she was drawn as by an extraordinary attraction. Questioned as to the events of that evening, Annie, in many hurried words, and with a face which grew even more white than it had been for many weeks, whispered to her friend a statement to the following effect.

Her father refusing to allow her to sleep at the inn on the night of their arrival, gave her into the charge of the housekeeper, Annie, then learning that an old school-fellow (Ellen) was to be found in the outer or summer-house attached to the mansion, had been shown to these premises, whereupon finding a lamp burning, and the door open, and supposing Ellen would soon return, she dismissed the housekeeper, and remained in the place alone.

All she further remembered was that an extraordinary ringing in her ears seized her, and that whether she really heard a bell strike eleven, or whether it was pure fancy, she could not tell. Afterwards followed a blank, during which she was in a state of semi-unconsciousness. In her narrative, Annie referred to this interval as one of a horrible oppressive kind of nightmare.

When she recovered herself somewhat, it appeared, it was day-break. She was giddy and weak, and supposed she had been suffering from one of the fainting fits which had about that time commenced to give her some alarm. She was still collecting herself in reference to the past few hours when voices in the park attracted her attention.

"I got up from the sofa on which I was lying," Annie continued, "and staggered to the window. And when I saw the men carrying you, Ellen, towards the house, I suppose I forgot myself for a little; for, if you remember, when you knew yourself once again, it was I who had posted myself as your nurse. But how pale you have grown, Ellen. You look at me with a kind of awe. What is the matter?"

"I think, Annie, I could tell you good news."

"Tell me good news?"

\*Mr. Charles Dickens: the work, "Bleak House."

†Mr. Wilkie Collins: the work, "No Name."

"Yes; but I dare not now. Let me go, Annie," Ellen Villiers continued, in a sickening voice. "Heaven pity us all! I am afraid, and yet, believe me, I am glad to hope that I shall soon give you good news. Let me go. A mere day shall either end your or my suspense!"

"I do not understand you, Nelly, dear."

"I am very, very glad I came to you, Nanny. Remember, that whatever happens—Nanny, remember that this morning I said I was very glad I came to you."

"But you look completely broken down, Nelly. What do you mean?"

"I have no right to speak to-day. Wait till to-morrow."

"Is it—is it anything to do with my misfortune?"

"Yes, Nannie. Oh, don't, don't take my hand. Let me go—I will come back to-morrow."

"But to-morrow may be too late, Ellen, to save my father. Before then, a new and still greater terror than that which is now ours may fall upon us. You will take the little one away with you. Oh, indeed, I can bear to part with her! I will not cry out once. Take her away, or I, not saving her, shall be guilty also. Ellen, be merciful!"

"There will be no need for you to part after to-morrow," said Ellen. "Wait twenty-four poor hours, Nannie—be patient for that time. Gain any truce, agree to anything for that time, and never, never forget I said I was very glad I came here to-day. Good-bye, dear, only till to-morrow."

Ellen kissed her friend very earnestly, and, utterly broken down, she crept into the post-chaise.

"Ellen," said Nanny, glancing from her friend to the house-door, as though she was keeping up some terrible watch—"Ellen, be kind. Pray tell me—what do you mean?"

"I only ask for a day. Wait till to-morrow, Sweetheart Nan."

The poor girl buried herself in the carriage, and Annie drawing back at the same time, the post-boy availed himself of the position.

Crack went his whip, the lazy wheels began to move, and the friends were parted.

Parted, but only for twenty-four hours.

Soon the noise of the wheels became faint and fainter in the distance, and so died with that melancholy distant murmur which has touched all our hearts.

Nanny stood alternately watching the spot at which the carriage disappeared, and the house door. Her heart was cleft by fear on one side, hope on the other.

She feared her father.

Meanwhile he was far away from the moor farm—miles away, and talking gravely with a woman seated just within a cottage door, and who looked a happy mother.

(To be continued in our next.)

## A THREATENING LETTER CONSPIRACY.—THE BITER BITTEN.

ANDREW FORSTER, of Bisphopton, near Ripon, ropemaker (a youth aged fourteen years, but in appearance two years older), was charged at the Court House, Ripon (before Mr. R. D. Oxley and Captain Smith), with having sent a letter to Mr. Thomas Waite, of Bisphopton, demanding money to the amount of £3, with menace and without reasonable or probable cause. It appears, according to the evidence, that Mr. Thomas Waite, is a young man residing with his parents at Bisphopton, near Ripon, at which place his father, Mr. Joseph Waite, is a corn miller. A letter was received through the post addressed Mr. Thomas Waite, Bisphopton Mill, Ripon, and bearing the Ripon post mark of September 13th. The following is a copy of the letter:—

"Sir,—We write to you to inform you that we are going to Australia next month, and that we are £3.0.0. short of our expenses so we want you to give us it; and when we come back if we are successful we will give you £300.0.0. back for it. There is a hole again your stack and a sod again it so you can lap the £3.0.0. up in a bit of cloth put in the hole and put the sod on it it is the stack again that Garden we are three Villains and stick at Nothing so if you do not put it there to night by heaven we will murder you we will cut your Throat from Ear to Ear and if you speak a word to any body about this Letter we will stab you but you do what we have told you no harm shall come to you but if you do not our revenge will overtake you."

"We remain

"JAMES COFFIN

"DICK MARKAM

"JOHN WICKS

"put in this afternoon or else by God we will burn you to death"

"Say not a word about it"

"Our Knives are sharp & our Pistols sure—"

"Mind we only ask you to lend us it."

The perusal of the letter very naturally caused great alarm, and Inspector Kane, of the West Riding constabulary, was communicated with. Acting under Mr Kane's directions three farthings were put in a stocking, which was placed in the hole indicated by the letter, and the sod, which exactly fitted the place, put over it. Inspector Kane, a constable, Mr Waite, jun. and another person watched the field from about half past seven o'clock in the evening until about four o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Kane and the constable were left alone. Between half-past five and six o'clock the prisoner entered the field, looked round, went in the direction of the hole a few yards, looked round a second time, then went in a stooping posture for five or six yards, and afterwards straightened himself up, ran to the hole and with his right hand lifted the sod. Seeing the imagined prize, he clasped his hands together, then gave an exulting leap, took up the stocking, and the next moment was in the custody of the police-constable, who took him into Mr. Waite's house, read him part of the letter, and charged him with being the writer of it. After being cautioned, the prisoner said, "I shall reserve what I have to say until I go before the magistrates." A few minutes afterwards, he said, "I was not the writer of the letter, but I know the man who wrote it." The inspector then accompanied him to his father's house, and on asking him if he had any letter paper and envelopes, he opened a drawer which, amongst other things, contained several sheets of note-paper and envelopes, which were in size, appearance, and texture the same as the letter in question had been written upon. During the same day the prisoner was brought up at the court-house for the purpose of being remanded, and whilst waiting for the attendance of a magistrate, the prisoner's father said to him, "Andrew, truth goes the farthest." To this he replied, "Yes, father; as soon as I get clear of this I'll take care it does." The father then said, "Yes, do lad." Prisoner then said, "I shall speak the truth. I wrote the letter and posted it. I did it to get a pair of boots to go to York with the band."

Mr. Coppin, solicitor, Ripon, appeared for the prisoner, and asked the magistrates if they thought that the ends of justice would not be sufficiently met if they remanded the prisoner, and bound him over to keep the peace, as he was sure it could not have been the intention of the prisoner to carry out the threats contained in the letter.

The magistrates said it was a very grave charge, and the only thing they could do in the matter would be to send the case to the assizes. They had no power to deal with it in any other manner. The prisoner was then committed for trial at the next gaol delivery at York.

Bail, it was stated, would be accepted, prisoner in £100, and two sureties of £50 each. The prisoner has resided within a hundred yards of Mr. Waite's house for the last four years, and has been considered a quiet, well-behaved youth. He is a member of the Yorkshire Hussar Band.



## Varieties.

**CURIOUS CUSTOM.**—At Northwich, in Cheshire, a singular custom prevails, which is held by the charter of the church, viz., that the senior scholar of the grammar school is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk, or in lieu thereof the bride's garter.

**THE BAPTISMAL FEE.**—The Bishop of Ripon, in his charge to the clergy of his diocese a few days since, declared that the demanding of a fee on baptism was illegal. His lordship added—“The practice perhaps originated in the performance of the office for the churching of the woman at the period of the admission of the child into the Church of Christ; and the fee lawfully due for the former, and at first clearly misused for the baptismal fee, has afterwards been demanded where the parent did not present herself to return thanks for safe delivery.”

“And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman,” said I once. Old Newman looked down, and the wife took up the reply. “Never to signify—and if he has I deserved it.” “And, I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often.” “Nay,” said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, “how can a wife scold her good man who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may be for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side.”—*Bulwer's Student.*

**DESPISE NOT SMALL BEGINNINGS OF WEALTH.**—The Rothschilds, Girard, Astor, and most of the richest men, began with small means. From pence they proceeded to pounds; from hundreds to thousands; and from thousands to millions. Had they neglected these first earnings—had they said within themselves, “What is the use of these few pence? They are not of much value and I will just spend them, and enjoy myself as I go,”—they would never have risen to be the wealthiest among their fellows. It is only by this economical husbanding of small means that they increase to large sums. It is the hardest part of success to gain only a little; this little once gained, more will easily follow.

**A PLACE TO PRAY, WHERE THERE IS A WILL.**—A sailor, lately returned from a whaling voyage, told a pious friend what real enjoyment he had in prayer while far from the deep. “But,” inquired his friend, “in the midst of the confusion on shipboard, where could you find a place to pray?” “Oh,” said he, “I always went to the mast-head.” I have heard of closets in various places, but never of one more peculiar than this. Peter went to the house top to pray; others have sought the shades of the forest. I remember hearing of a youth who came home from the camp, during the last years of war, and his pious mother asked him, “Where, John, could you find a place to pray?” He answered, “Where there is a heart to pray, mother, it is easy to find a place.”

**LONDON TRICKS.**—In addition to the many schemes adopted to obtain goods from tradesmen, a new one is now practised by some of the unprincipled members of the clubs at the West end. Certain articles are ordered by a stranger, to be sent to the club-house, on doing which the party bringing them is requested to bring others either the same evening or the following morning. On his return, the gentleman is said to have gone into the country, and the tradesman finds he has unwillingly become a hopeless creditor. The best way to avoid being ensnared is to refuse leaving the premises without the goods or the money, and in case of being unable to obtain either, to give the party into custody immediately, as a swindler; or the goods may be delivered to the steward, who will then become responsible, being the resident house-keeper.

**NICK NAMES.**—Queen Anne was called, by Walpole, Goody Anne, the wet-nurse of the church. Mr. Pitt was called, by his admirers, the heaven-born minister! Even his friends would lament the nickname. Mr. Garrick was christened, by Cumberland, “the heav'n-born actor;” who was then struggling to emancipate his audience from the slavery they were resigned to; and though at times he succeeded in throwing some gleams of new-born light upon them, yet, in general, they seemed to love darkness better than light. The great Duke of Marlborough got the nickname of Sully, from a habit of expression he had, though no one deserved it less. If a question was asked, he would reply, “Oh, silly!” Then will you do so and so? “Oh, silly, silly!” was the eternal reply. Mr. Gerrard Hamilton got the name of Single-speech Hamilton, from the circumstance of his having made but one, and a very admirable one, in the British parliament—*Doddley's Register.*

**“I BLEW IT.”**—On the occasion of a charity sermon being preached in London, some few years ago, a well-known musical professor was presiding at the organ. The admirable manner in which the musical portion of the service was conducted attracted the attention of a gentleman present, who, anxious to ascertain the name of the organist, applied to the pew-opener for the requisite information. Unable, however, to obtain it from that quarter he thought of applying to the organ-blower. On ascending to the organ gallery, he found that important functionary reposing after his labours, and addressed him with, “Pray, my good fellow, can you tell me who played the organ today?”—“I blow it,” was the reply. Apprehensive lest his question might have been misunderstood, he repeated it, when “I blow it” was again the reply. “I am quite aware of that fact,” said the gentleman; “but I want to know who played it?” “Sir,” answered the tormenting rogue, “I have told you twice already it was I blew it, and I shan't tell you any more.” Annoyed at the fellow's seeming impertinence the gentleman took his departure. As he was leaving the church he met the beadle, to whom he put the same question. “Mr. I. Blewitt,” was the beadle's answer.

## Wit and Wisdom.

**ADVERTISEMENT FOR TONGUES.**—A certain Y. Z. [Wise Head], of Wandsworth, advertises in the *Times* for “an active young woman who can speak French and work well at her needle, as house-maid, in a small family.” A small touch of Chinese and Arabic would, of course, not be objectionable. We may next expect an advertisement for “a getter up of fine linen, who can use the Italian-iron, and read Dante.”

**THE MAN AND THE MAYOR.**—A juggler, who went about the country playing sleight-of-hand tricks, was apprehended and brought before the sapient mayor of a town, who immediately ordered him to be committed to prison. “For what?” said the juggler. “Why, sirrah, the people say you are a conjuror!” “Will your worship give me leave to tell you what the people say of you?” “Of me? What dare they say of me, fellow?” “They say you are no conjuror.”

**A WHOLESALE TEE-TOTALER.**—In a neighbouring city, a few days ago, a bacchanalian from the country expressing a determination to become a teetotaler, consulted a wag as to the mode of procedure, when he was jocularly recommended to go to the office of the New Water Company. When the rustic called, a number of clerks were seated at their desks, but the manager was absent. Being anxious for information, he asked if many were joining just now. He was answered, “Oh, yes,” he forthwith inquired, “Do you take a drap yourself occasionally?” “What do you mean, sir?” “No,” rejoined the would-be water votary, “I don't honestly do you not tak a spark of whisky ava?” “Oh, certainly,” was the answer. “I was just thinkin' as much,” quoth he. One clerk asked another, “What does the old quiz mean?” when the manager made his appearance. Bumpkin was then politely shown into the manager's room, upon which he expressed a wish to join his society. “Well, sir,” said the manager, “his eighty pounds a year.” “Eighty pounds, sir!” exclaimed the distant water-bibber in amazement; “what for?” “Oh, for the water, sir.” “Eighty pounds for water! Saul, I'll stick to the whisky yet!” said he emphatically, and bolted out of the office.

**EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.**—A correspondent of the *New York Medical Journal*, who says he is a practising physician, in Worcester county, and is seventy-five years of age, communicates for that journal the following anecdote:—In an early part of my practice I was called into a neighbouring town to visit a patient. It being about the middle of the day the old gentleman of the house (over sixty years of age) invited me to stop and dine. While at dinner, he says, “I don't know as you like my dinner.” “Why, yes,” said I, “I do—I like it very well; it is very good.” “I guess,” said he, “you do not know what you are eating.” “Why, yes,” said I, “I do; it is some new-corned beef.” “Ah,” said the old gentleman, “it is horse-beef.” I replied, “I don't believe it.” “It is,” said he; “I declare it is some of my old mare.” I was not much acquainted with him at that time; I looked at him, supposing him to be joking, but could not discover a muscle of the face to alter or change. I had just taken another piece on my plate, and a mouthful of the second slice in my mouth, and in fact it was horse-meat sure enough; I could taste it as plainly as my olfactory nerves would discover the scent of an old horse. The more I chewed it, the more disagreeable it tasted. I continued picking and tasting a little sauce which I could swallow, but the meat, as the negro said, would not go. I at last gave a swallow, as I do with a dose of physic. I thought that I should have thrown the whole contents of my stomach up at the table. I afterwards tasted a little sauce, but took care not to put any more meat in my mouth, and kept time with the family. Glad was I when, dinner over, it being cool weather, the old gentleman took to smoking and telling stories. At last he says, “I won't leave you in the dark about your dinner. I told you we had horse-meat for dinner, and so it was. I told you it was some of my old mare, and so it was; for I swapped her away for a steer, and that was some of her beef.” I have ever since been glad that the old gentleman put the joke upon me, for I never should otherwise have known how far imagination would have carried me.

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